



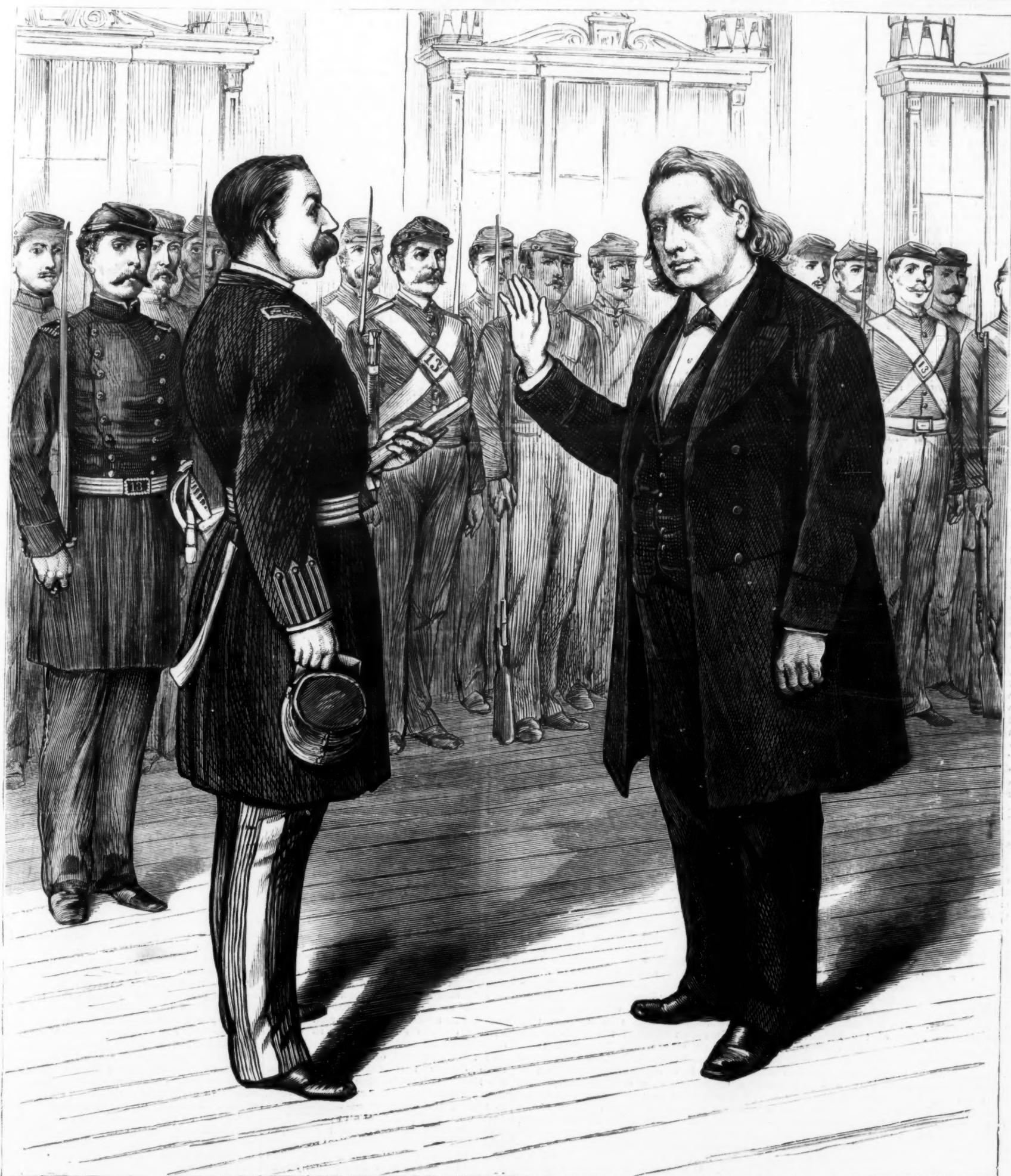
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, TAKING THE INSTALLATION OATH AS CHAPLAIN OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N.G.S.N.Y., AT THE REGIMENTAL ARMORY, FULTON AND FLATBUSH AVENUES, BROOKLYN, MARCH 1st.—SEE PAGE 23.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 16, 1878.

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THE POLITICAL MEDLEY.

It must be plain to the most superficial observer that the politics of the country are in a state of flux, not so much because the elements have been melted by the fervent heats of party, as because the parties heretofore dividing the country have themselves passed into a new zone of national feeling. Partisan organizations, it is true, still remain intact, but the opinions, principles and policies which partisan organizations were originally designed to sustain are everywhere in a state of dissolution and thaw. With Democrats lauding the virtues of the paper money, which they cursed in the hour of its birth, and with Republicans taking praise to themselves for disowning as far as possible the ill-favored child of their own begetting; with Southern Democrats giving to a Republican President, or some of his measures, a more cordial and patriotic support than Northern Republicans of the deepest political dye; with ex-Confederate chieftains, like Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, more truly reflecting the better sentiment of the North than a Republican politician like William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, we have certainly reached a stage of elemental stir and change in what Huxley might call the "protoplasm" of political life and organization.

It cannot be doubted that this chaotic state of the public mind contains in itself the "promise and potency" of new political formations; but that would be a careless and unpracticed observer who should expect the speedy emergence of the latter from the fusion and confusion which embroil the politics of the country in petty and factious feuds, without any clear lines of crystallization running through the fluid mass and medley of conflicting opinions. All experience teaches that political organizations, by virtue of the impelling forces which produce them, and which still survive in the memory of their adherents, have a tendency to survive the period of their usefulness. It was according to the order of nature, as *Macbeth* thought, that "when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end," but parties will not die and come to an end because their brains are out, any more than *Banquo* in the play. And they survive as something more than pallid shades, for they haunt the earth as obstructive forces even after they have ceased to be constructive agents.

The practical evils attendant upon every epoch of transition in the political world are neither few nor small. They stare us in the face at the present time, when we see civil service reform wounded to death in the house of its nominal friends, because Senators like Mr. Conkling are soured against the President whom they helped to place in office. The work of pacification at the South is obstructed by the sullen resistance of a large body in the Republican Party which refuses to uphold the hands of President Hayes in his effort to reunite the late discordant and belligerent sections of the country. And this scission between the political allies of the President reacts upon him to the great detriment of the executive force and influence which he otherwise might lawfully bring to bear in the effectuation of his views and purposes as the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Between the jarring factions in the bosom of his own party, the President is left well-nigh in a state of isolation, being deserted now by one faction and now by another as he moves forward in pursuit of what he deems the public welfare. Mr. Stanley Matthews, for instance, lends the light of his countenance to the pacific policy of the President towards the South, but turns the

coldest possible of shoulders to the financial plans and policies of the Administration. Mr. Conkling is well enough pleased with the financial plans and policies of the Administration, but refuses to open his lips in their defense because he is troubled with a soreness of head about the New York Custom House. It is as in the days of the old Roman commonwealth when "Crassus had his party, and Sylla had his party, but the Republic had none."

To see the depth of degradation into which the politics of the country have sunk under the sway of Republican Guelphs and Ghibellines, we have but to consider the fact that within the past few days there has been public talk about a mutual surrender and compromise between the President and his semi-hostile, semi-friendly supporters. According to this "compromise," the President is to be allowed to have his own way as regards the South, and the Republican "group" in the Senate are to have their own way in the distribution of public places. On topics of finance, the factions (it is said) will agree to disagree, while the President is to forbear from siding with the one or the other, because it would be futile to launch a veto against the Bill which has passed both houses of Congress by a majority of more than two-thirds of their members.

Of course, we do not permit ourselves to believe for a moment that the President is a party to any such underhanded negotiations; but when such schemes are imputed to our political leaders, without inflicting any shock on the public credulity, we have a tolerably accurate criterion by which to measure the public confidence in the ruling spirit of the "average politician" at Washington. As is well said by a Republican contemporary: "If it has come to this, that a 'statesman' must be duly propitiated with offices before he will lift a finger to save the country's credit, the half has not been told of the corruption of public life."

THE SILVER VETO OVERRULED.

AFTER nearly a week of deliberation, President Hayes, on Thursday last, sent to Congress a message expressing his veto of the Silver Bill. The message was a thoughtful and well-expressed explanation of his hostility to a measure which, in his judgment, "authorizes the violation of sacred obligations." The President asserts that he is desirous of co-operating with Congress in the adoption of such measures to increase the silver coinage of the country as would not impair the obligation of contracts nor injure the public credit. But the present Bill does not, in his opinion, meet these essential requirements. The silver dollar it authorizes is worth from eight to ten per cent. less than it purports to be worth, and is made a legal tender for debts contracted when the law did not recognize such coins as lawful money. During Mr. Hayes's Administration \$225,000,000 of gold-bearing bonds have been sold under a pledge that no legislation would hinder the redemption and payment of interest upon them in coin of equal value with the coin authorized by law at the time of their issue. The capital defect of the Bill is that it contains no provision protecting from its operation pre-existing debts, in case the coinage which it creates shall continue to be of less value than that which was the sole legal-tender when they were contracted. If it is now proposed, for the purpose of taking advantage of the depreciation of silver in the payment of debts, to coin and make legal-tender a silver dollar of less commercial value than any dollar, whether of gold or paper, which is now lawful money in this country, such a measure, it will hardly be questioned, will, in the judgment of mankind, be an act of bad faith as to all debts heretofore contracted.

We have adhered as closely as possible to the President's own language. No right-minded person can take exception to it. National credit depends on the nation's sense of honor. No power can compel a nation to pay its just debts. And it must be admitted that the national sensibility is strangely blunted when a majority of the law-makers set gravely to work to force upon the country a coinage whose very name is a falsity, and the purport of which is to compel creditors to accept ninety-two dollars for every hundred owing to them. So infatuated, indeed, were our national representatives over this matter, that both Houses reaffirmed the Bill over the President's veto within less than three hours after the latter had been submitted to them. It is especially noticeable that the majorities were considerably greater on this second vote than they were at the original passage of the Bill. In the House the vote was 196 to 73, and in the Senate, 46 to 19, indicating either an increase in the favorers of the silver policy, or a decrease in the personal following of Mr. Hayes. It is the first time in the history of the United States that the serious recommendations of the Executive have been so cavalierly treated, and never has there

been less justification for such summary conduct. We can only hope now, the Silver Bill being the law of the land, that Mr. Sherman's views are correct, and that its language is such as will allow its enforcement to be accompanied with a great modification of the evils it seems to have been designed to bring into effect.

SAVINGS BANKS.

THE problem how to transform the masses of the poor from food-consuming machines, liable, by their improvidence in marriage, their lack of incentives to accumulation and their poverty, to become a charge upon the precarious charity of the State, into machines which shall not only run independently of assistance, but also become contributors to the national wealth, is as old as human society. That we shall have the poor always with us, in the sense that there will always be an opportunity for charity, seems all too likely. But as a problem of civil government great advances have been made on the theory of Malthus, that there is a limit beyond which the multiplication of the human race is an evil which can only be remedied by the blessings of famine or war. Previous to the beginning of this century the most advanced of civilized and Christianized people, however, had not got beyond the sad conviction of the failure of mere charity to effect anything like a cure, or hope of cure, of the evils of pauperism. In 1818 De Witt Clinton, as Governor of New York, in a message to the Legislature, says: "Our statutes relating to the poor are borrowed from the English system, and the experience of that country, as well as our own, shows that pauperism increases with the augmentation of the funds applied to its relief. The evil has proceeded to such an alarming extent in the City of New York that the burdens of heavy taxation which it has imposed menace a diminution of the population of that city and a depreciation of its real property."

But the world was not content to come to the conclusion that the only permanent use the State could devise for the poor was to serve as food for gunpowder, or as criminals, doing the State some service in prison. At the time the Governor of our State was deprecating the evils of pauperism, there was beginning the experiment of savings institutions as a means of improving the condition of the poor. These institutions are now so generally known and controlled by legislative enactments that we are apt to forget their humble origin in the charitable disposition of a few friends of the poor in Scotland less than three-quarters of a century ago. Philanthropy in this case met an exigency at which statesmanship was staggered and alarmed. The expedient proposed had the simplicity which marks most successful inventions—its results have outrun all calculations. It was only proposed that the smallest earnings of the frugal workman should have a place of secure deposit, with the certainty of due return when wanted, with a small interest. Rev. Joseph Smith, of Wendover, in 1798, received from the poor of his parish as small sums as twopence, to be returned in Winter with one-third added as a reward. Rev. Henry Duncan, of Scotland, who organized a savings bank in Scotland in 1810, is called "the father of savings banks," and was practically such. The first legislation in England in 1817, respecting the incorporation of savings banks, was to adopt a system whereby the deposits of the savings institutions were paid to Commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, who guaranteed a little over four per cent. interest, and in their turn invested the fund as they might, although, as a matter of fact, more interest was paid to the depositors than was received by the national Commissioners. This system, we understand, still continues, and thus, in England, the savings banks stand intimately related to the Government, and the due investment of the deposits is thus guaranteed by the Government. A similar plan was proposed in France and defeated, one of the chief objections being the danger of a sudden demand made for the withdrawal of the deposits by the depositors. The difficulty of depositors withdrawing their funds is greater in England and Scotland than in this country. More than half of the English savings banks are open only one day in a week. Mr. Emerson Keyes, writing on this subject, says, as to the requirement of notice in this country before the withdrawal of deposits, there is little danger that this right will be too rigidly enforced. The tendency is in the opposite direction, of an over-solicitude to answer the demands of depositors at once, when the interest of all would be best promoted by delay. Professor Bowen, of Harvard, in his work on Political Economy, shows that through the instrumentality of savings banks the poor have actually been taught to accumulate more than is accumulated unconsumed by those called capitalists. He estimates, on the basis of

testimony before Parliament in 1852, that there were not over 236,000 persons in Great Britain, and the same in this, with incomes over \$1,000. These incomes aggregate £174,810,600, averaging £740. He estimates a saving of one-tenth, which makes an accumulation of about \$43,700,000. He shows, however, that the laboring classes, estimated at two and a half millions, if one half make savings of £40 a year, would add \$50,000,000 to the national capital. The totals of deposits in savings banks in this country at the end of 1874 were nearly \$850,000,000, of which New York had over \$300,000,000, and Massachusetts over \$200,000,000.

The panic has infected many of the depositors in these valuable institutions. In this State it appears to be conceded that when a "run" is made on a savings bank for which any depreciation of assets affords a pretext, our courts can only assist in winding it up, otherwise called the wrecking process. The Chancellor of New Jersey, however, has extended to the Dime Savings Institution the protection and guidance of the jurisdiction of Chancery over these institutions, as charities in which the State has too much of an interest to permit either that a general panic shall compel an immediate sacrifice of what is held as a trust, or that a receivership be precipitously resorted to which can have practically no other result either then or now than to make the officer of the Court the executor of the very ruin which courts are supposed solicitous to prevent if possible. In the good old Ring days we became so addicted to receiverships that it may be long before the Legislature will take away this arm of power which the courts have somewhat reluctantly accepted from it. A Chancellor can apply equitable principles without constant resort to it.

It would scarcely seem worth the while to seriously contradict the statement of the *Herald* last week, that a secret movement was on foot among the Democrats to contest the title of Mr. Hayes to the Presidency, were it not that the assertion was so seriously made as to actually deceive some unwary ones. Inquiry among members of Congress fails to discover the slightest knowledge of any such attempt to reopen the legality of President Hayes's claim to the office he holds. With a few exceptions, the Democrats are unconditionally opposed to the agitation of the subject. One of the counsel for Mr. Tilden before the Electoral Commission said he had no information whatever in reference to any such proposed movement. He did not believe that such proceedings were contemplated or designed by any member of the Democratic Party. As to the course of the Democratic Party, he believed and hoped that it was their purpose never to submit the question to a court, but to take it directly to the people at the next Presidential election.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

A FAMINE of unexampled extent and fatality prevails in the northern provinces of China, where, according to the latest advices, upwards of seventy million people are starving. The mere statement of a condition of destitution so extended and embracing a population so stupendous, suffices to lift this calamity into the instant and sympathetic attention of the entire civilized world, and to give it a place among the most appalling which has been known in human history. The number of persons embraced in the impoverished region is nearly twice as great as the entire population of the United States. It is nearly equal to that of France and the British Islands combined. It is more than two-thirds as great as the entire population of Russia, and comprises scarcely less than one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of the globe.

Famines are not infrequent in China; indeed scarcely a year goes by without death in some portion of the land either from drought, inundation, insurrection, or from the ravages of locusts, which at times exceed in destruction the grasshopper plague of our Western frontier, and consume in a few days the harvest of an entire province. The country is, however, so vast, its climate so various, and its range of production so extensive, that local scarcity could be immediately relieved by the surplus resources of the Empire itself, if there were any adequate means of communication between its different provinces. But, excepting along its roadways and the canals which radiate from them, there are nowhere in the country any, save the most primitive and inadequate, means of intercourse. In many of the provinces such commerce as they maintain with the outer world drifts sluggishly to and fro, borne on the backs of human carriers; in others they use animals, but no vehicles; in still others, rude carts and wains. But nowhere are the means of conveyance and the system of roads which they must traverse equal to any such stress as an emergency

like the present imposes upon them. Thus, not only any relief which the country itself is able to give its impoverished provinces, but that which is ever ready to flow forth spontaneously from the pity and generosity of all lands, is rendered practically unavailing. Before it can be brought to hear the famine has done its desolating work, and left its ghastly trail of death behind it.

China has but recently reaffirmed, in a conspicuous manner, her stubborn aversion to the ways and devices of the West by purchasing and tearing up the first line of railroad ever laid down in the Empire. India is banded together with thousands of miles of rail; her own periodical famines are thus shorn of their principal terror. They can be reached and relieved. Japan likewise receives with hospitality this immense aid to her civilization, development and security. In view of the exceptional extent of the present calamity, it will doubtless become a question for the urgent consideration of the Western nations how far China is justified in persisting in a policy of exclusion and isolation which leads to such results. Her Government has custody of the welfare of one-third of the human race. How she performs her duty towards that gigantic constituency is far from being a subject of indifference to the remaining two-thirds. Some of the causes of her periodical famines are beyond the power of government to encounter or abate; but there are others which it lies within the reach of human wisdom and forecast to correct; and unless her controlling authorities exhibit the disposition and ability to accomplish this, the work will be likely to be gradually taken from their hands, as in India it has been rescued from the vicious imbecility of native rulers and handed over to more energetic and responsible custody.

UTAH IN CONGRESS.

IT is hard to see how Congress can avoid acting directly on the questions raised by the condition of things in Utah. The Mormons, who have the power in the Territory, are determined to keep it as long as it is possible to do so, and they are devising the most cunning and unscrupulous methods of neutralizing the Gentile population. They have passed local laws which make it virtually impossible for the United States courts to enforce the views of Congress, especially those relating to polygamy. And they have just passed a secret ballot Bill, which the Governor has signed, which practically disfranchises Gentile citizens. They have the advantage of a solidly organized, unscrupulous body of men, acting in unison, for definite aims, under a recognized authority, while their opponents are scattered and divided. The only hope of the Territory lies in the action of Congress, not in trying to crush the Mormon religion, but breaking up a social and domestic system which interferes with public morals and prosperity. Actually, polygamy is the corner-stone of modern Mormonism. It is the one thing the leaders of the sect are most anxious to defend and perpetuate. They guard it as though it were the apple of the Mormon eye. The Mormon religion, or substitute for religion, may be good, or good for nothing; but it is only as that religion breaks over into the social life, and affects the public morals, that Congress has a right to touch upon it. Polygamy is something more than a doctrine—it is a social scandal, a political blight, and as such should be removed.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

IT is beyond doubt that proper and judicious advertising is a prolific source of profit in every business enterprise. Merchants have become convinced that the surest road to prosperity is the one which leads them and their wares nearest to the public. Faith in the advertising medium has been, it is true, of slow, but always steady, growth, while, where many have feared to venture, the few have rushed in and secured vast and speedy gains. The advantage of legitimate advertising has too often been demonstrated to be questioned at this late day; but so many itinerant advertising schemes have, during the past few years, been foisted upon the public as rivals to the genuine and well-proven article, that the usefulness of the latter has been somewhat overlooked and in many cases underrated. The manner in which a tradesman introduces himself to the public is a pretty safe gauge of his respectability, and if he presents himself in such a style as to offend good taste, the chances are that he will suffer both in pocket and reputation. A mistake which is frequently made by business men, is not in not advertising at all, but in placing their announcements where they will bring back no adequate return for the outlay. Of this, an apt illustration is the plan of distributing circulars. No one who has ever witnessed the almost superhuman efforts of a circular distributor to get rid of his stock could have failed to notice the contemptuous reception the printed paper

receives at the hands of the public, being either absolutely rejected or only taken to be glanced at and thrown away without further thought. Nor do the circulars that are directed and mailed to the public fare much better. The inability of tradesmen to attract the attention of the public by circulars and the like has spurred them on to adopt newer and more expensive methods. The public must be bribed into taking what it is unwilling to receive without some beneficial consideration. Cards containing puzzles or pictures or with mechanical figures attached to them, and other similar delusions, are accordingly prepared to catch the eye and trick the people into acceptance. They generally, however, result the same as the circulars; the novelty of the thing having worn off, they, too, are discarded and rejected. The newest illustration of unprofitable advertising comes to us in a recent prospectus of a European stock company organized for the purpose of introducing a patent by which advertisements may be impressed upon china-ware, so that the hotel guest, after finishing his vermicelli soup, may, perchance, read in the bottom of his plate of some vermifuge warranted a sure cure.

All these schemes of obtruding business enterprises upon a reluctant public are but the illegitimate offspring of the only proper, respectable and remunerative way of advertising. Of the superior advantages of the newspapers and magazines as advertising mediums, we have the testimony of reputable and prosperous merchants all over the world. In Europe, particularly, where competition in trade is most extensive, experience has shown that the newspaper far excels any other method of advertising. An established newspaper reaches a class of people who are in a measure affected by what they read in it, and its influence in coining the opinions of its readers can neither be questioned nor estimated. The object of the advertiser is not alone to have his notice reach the greatest number of people, but to have their attention particularly directed to it, and in no way can that object be more surely attained than in the use of an able and popular newspaper. Were it necessary to appeal to any particular class of advertisers in order to establish the superiority of the newspaper over every other medium of advertising, none could be found better qualified to testify on that point than those engaged in the dramatic profession. For them the entire array of bill-boards, posters, "gutter snipes," circulars, cards and rock and fence embellishments have been impressed into service, but they have failed to accomplish the good which a few lines in a properly conducted journal has at one-tenth the expense brought about. But one result has attended this peripatetic mode of advertising—the overcrowding of theatres with visitors on "dead-head" bill-board passes, to the exclusion of more profitable auditors. The adoption of the newspaper as the sole medium of advertising by theatres generally is a strong indication of its worth and superiority.

The advantages of the newspaper over all competitors are neither few nor ill-defined. A well-established news journal has a circulation far exceeding that which even the most desirable circular or hand-bill can attain. The newspaper is sought for by the reader, and depends not upon trickery, device or force for its introduction to the public. It occupies a place at the fire-side, and its opinions are carefully read and usually concurred in. It is a mistaken idea that the advertisements in a newspaper are never read. Intelligent readers invariably examine the advertising columns of their papers as carefully as they do the news items. There is a charm about a collection of advertisements, both in its information and variety, which to the mind in search of topics of interest when once experienced is irresistible. If any one doubts this, let him peruse the advertisements in one issue of his daily or weekly paper, and he will be astonished at the vast number and variety of strange, interesting and desirable things, many of which he has never before heard of, which crowd its columns. There is no doubt that there is a large class of people who invariably read the advertisements in a newspaper with no other object than to satisfy a wise curiosity or to furnish amusement for the hour. From such, a well-placed advertisement is sure in the end to bring custom. Besides these, persons desiring to purchase turn to their newspaper for information where to go to secure the best bargains, or to find exactly what they want without the trouble and expense of making a search through a number of stores in distant locations. Persons who find it difficult to exactly determine as to their needs fall back upon their paper, and are reminded by it of some desirable article which their wealth or need urges them to purchase. Any one who has ever made an application for a person to fill a situation can vouch for the notoriety given to an advertisement by a newspaper of even ordinary circulation.

Whatever may be said of the daily paper as an advertising medium, it is

far exceeded by the scope of a popular weekly newspaper, such, for instance, as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. Such a journal fills a place which a daily paper cannot even reach. It is not only received into the family circle, but after its contents have been well digested, it is carefully preserved, and often referred to long after its first appearance. A standing advertisement in it is oftener seen, and will impress itself upon the mind, even without effort on the part of the reader. A weekly paper of the style and worth of the one referred to is usually filed away, and at the end of the year carefully bound, and no one glancing over such a volume can avoid being impressed with the contents of the advertisements, standing out, as it were, separate and distinct from each other, and all, by their appearance, compelling notice and attention. A measure of respectability and reputation also attaches to each advertisement, bearing, as it does, upon its face, an indorsement of veracity and trustworthiness by the publishers of such papers, who, both from self-interest and regard for their patrons, are prompted to a careful supervision over all announcements which they permit to appear in their columns.

Again, the circulation of a weekly journal such as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is universal—not merely local, or even national. Take a list of the places in foreign countries to which this paper is mailed weekly, and the superiority of such a journal over even the most widely circulated daily paper is plainly manifest. This periodical finds its way to Africa, Australia, a dozen or more places in Austria, to the Bahamas, Belgium, Brazil, New Grenada, Central America, Chili, China, Columbia, Cuba, Denmark, Egypt, twenty different towns in England, thirty in France, eighty in Germany, half-a-dozen each in Holland, Ireland and India, forty in Italy, and a dozen in Switzerland. It also is sent to Japan, Falkland Islands, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Scotland, Spain and Sweden. It is also on file in club-houses and hotels in nearly every prominent town and capital in Europe, and its sale upon railroads and steamboats, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, renders its value as an advertising medium inestimable. The testimonials of numbers of prosperous and enterprising merchants indicate its usefulness and establish beyond cavil the fact that by no other method can a merchant so profitably and satisfactorily advertise his goods and business as in a well-established and successful journal, such as the one which we have been discussing.

THE Senate Committee on Naval Affairs has reported favorably a Bill turning the Life-saving Service over to the Navy Department, and giving it a more permanent character than it now has, and the command of skilled seamen under navy discipline. The cost of the new system for the same amount of service now performed will be slightly less than the present cost. The Bill is likely to become a law, and recent occurrences on the coast seem to show that stricter discipline is advisable.

THE Commissioner of Patents makes some pertinent suggestions in his recent report. He accepts the popular belief that the models, which now have to be sent with applications for patents, are usually unnecessary. The models often add largely to the expense, and are always troublesome to keep at the Patent Office. The Commissioner proposes to reserve the right to call for a model where the examiner is in doubt whether an invention is at all practicable. Perhaps the most novel of the suggestions in the report is that patentees should be required to pay a fee at some time during the existence of their patents to prevent the contract from expiring.

It was observed in opening the bids lately for the quadrennial mail-letting west of the Mississippi River that the bids this year were greatly under those made under any previous advertisement, whereby the department expects to reduce the cost of mail transportation in the next four years on these great routes by quite a large figure. Many of the contractors, whose contracts will terminate on the 30th of June next, express the opinion that the bids this year are so low that it will be impossible for the successful bidders to execute their contracts without loss, particularly on the Southwestern border, where the transportation of mails is subjected to obstruction by hostile Indians.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE NEW DOLLAR.—The Treasury Department is preparing for the immediate execution of the Silver law, and within a fortnight some of the new dollars will be in circulation. Orders have already been issued by the Secretary of the Treasury to the superintendents of the several mints to get their machinery and melting-pots in order. It is proba-

ble that a supply of working dies will be ready in about ten days; and in the meantime, silver bullion will pass through all the processes of putting it into shape for coining into dollars, except that of stamping, and for which particular operation the capacity of the mints is in excess of their capacity for other operations, so that in reality little delay in coinage will be occasioned by the dies not being now ready. It is thought that by the middle of April the coining of the silver dollar will be going on at the rate of \$3,500,000 per month.

WHAT THEY FORGAVE.—A few weeks ago the country was edified at the ostentatious reconciliation of Senators Conkling and Blaine after twelve years of personal hostility. Our readers may be interested to know that the original cause of offense arose during a debate in the year 1866, in the House of Representatives, where they were fellow-members. Mr. Conkling had been interrupted by Mr. Blaine, and thereupon denounced the interruption as "ungentlemanly and impertinent," and said that "if the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent to him his opinion was on any subject, he thought he would scarcely take the trouble to express it." Thereupon Mr. Blaine rejoined that Mr. Conkling's "lordly pomposity, grandiloquent swell, majestic, over-towering and turkey-gobble strutting" had been "so crushing" to him and all the members of the House, that he knew it was temerity to provoke them. He also observed that Mr. Conkling had got "an extra strut" since Theodore Tilton had printed a letter saying that the mantle of Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, who died a few weeks before, had fallen on him. The resemblance of Mr. Conkling to Mr. Davis was declared by Mr. Blaine to be "as striking as Hyperion to a Satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, a dung-hill to a diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, or a whining puppy to a roaring lion."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE annual meeting of the American Fish Culturists' Association was held in New York City, February 27th and 28th.

GENERAL ANDERSON, the convicted member of the Louisiana Returning Board, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

It is claimed that the new election law passed by the Utah Legislature, providing for registration and a secret ballot, practically disfranchises all Gentile residents.

THE Sub-Committee of the Committee on Expenditures in the Department of State is engaged in the investigation of the charges preferred against George F. Seward, now Minister to China.

THE arrangements between the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Panama Transit Company and the Panama Railroad Company, for the consolidation of the two steamship lines, have been nearly completed.

JUDGE LEONARD, Member of Congress from Louisiana, has been sent by the President to Cuba to investigate the rumor that colored men have been kidnapped from Florida and sold into slavery on the island.

EFFORTS are being made to secure the establishment of a Zoological Garden on the west side of Central Park, from Ninety-seventh to One Hundred and Tenth Street, under such limitations as the Park Commissioners may suggest.

NILES G. PARKER, ex-State Treasurer of South Carolina, has been released from the Penitentiary upon his own recognizance, having turned State's evidence and given documentary proof of the illegal actions of his former associates in office.

GOVERNOR HOLLIDAY of Virginia has vetoed the Bill imposing taxes on real and personal property for governmental and free school purposes, holding that the honest payment of the State debt is a higher obligation than the support of public schools.

THE Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City, graduated one hundred and thirty students, February 28th, and the New York Homeopathic Medical College, thirty-eight. During the same evening the Alumni of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and that of Boudoin College, held their annual meetings.

THE total estimated cost of the late Sioux war is \$2,312,531, of which \$1,894,311 is charged against the appropriations of the Quartermaster's Department. The number of casualties during the same war were as follows: Killed, 283, of whom 16 were commissioned officers, and 267 enlisted men; wounded, 125, of whom 2 were commissioned officers, and 123 enlisted men.

DURING the month of February sixty-seven business failures were reported in New York City, with aggregate liabilities of \$2,658,598, and assets \$695,631. There is a large falling off, both in numbers and the amount of liabilities, as compared with the month of January, in which there were one hundred and twenty-seven failures, with liabilities amounting to \$7,113,000.

ON February 27th the House of Representatives, without dissent, passed the Bill reported by General McCook, of the Military Committee, to authorize the President to review the findings of the court-martial which tried Surgeon General William A. Hammond, and recommended his dismissal from the service and his disqualification to hold any place of honor or trust under the Government of the United States.

Foreign.

POPE LEO XIII. was crowned at the Sixtine Chapel, March 3d.

It was reported last week that the Cuban insurgents had agreed to lay down their arms.

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of the death in Rome of Father Angelo Secchi, the great astronomer.

OPPOSITION having been offered to the confirmation of Cardinal Simeoni as Papal Secretary of State, he declined the office, and Cardinal Franchi was appointed in his stead.

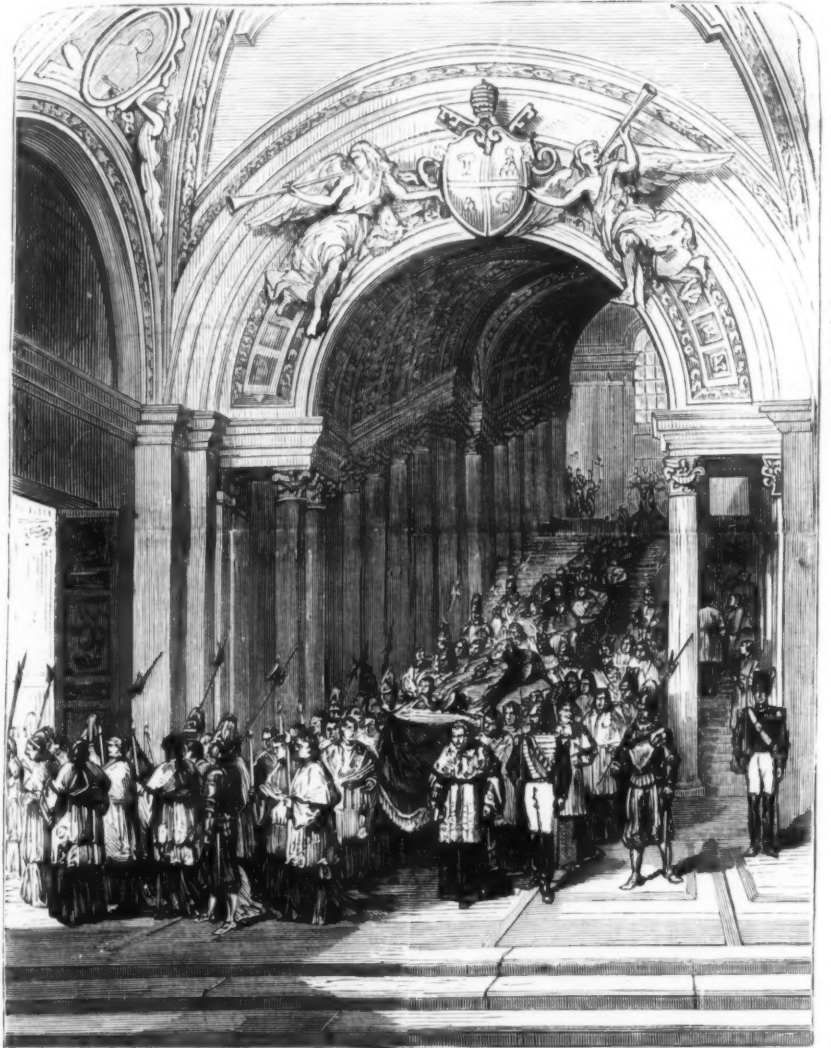
PRESIDENT BAEZ has been compelled to surrender the City of Santa Domingo and flee the country. A provisional Government has been formed, and an election for President will soon be held.

THE Grand Duke Nicholas reviewed the Russian troops at San Stefano on Sunday, March 3d, and made the important announcement that the treaty of peace had been signed. There was unbounded rejoicing over the event in St. Petersburg, a crowd assembling before the imperial palace singing and shouting, "God save the Czar."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



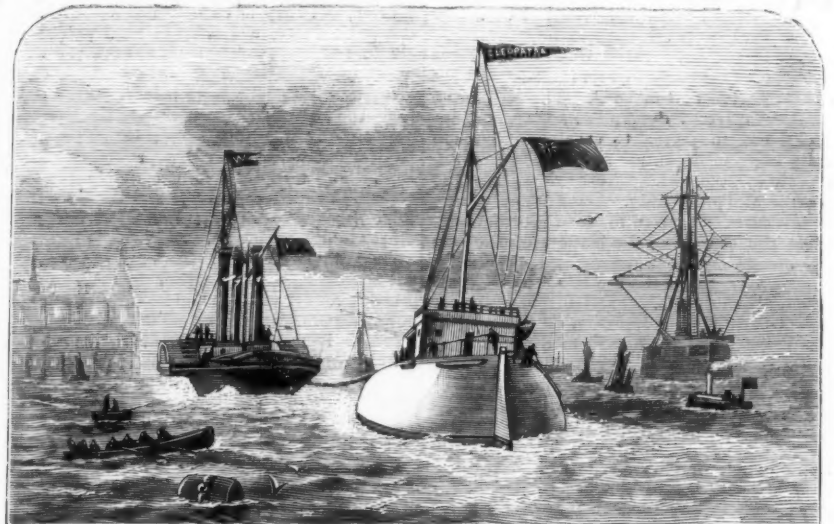
ITALY.—THE CARDINAL CAMERLENGO PECCI VERIFYING THE DEATH OF THE LATE POPE PIUS IX. BY TAPPING ON HIS HEAD WITH AN IVORY MALLET.



ITALY.—CARRYING THE BODY OF THE LATE POPE PIUS IX. IN ROME FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL TO ST. PETER'S BASILICA.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS ON THE LOWER CONGO.



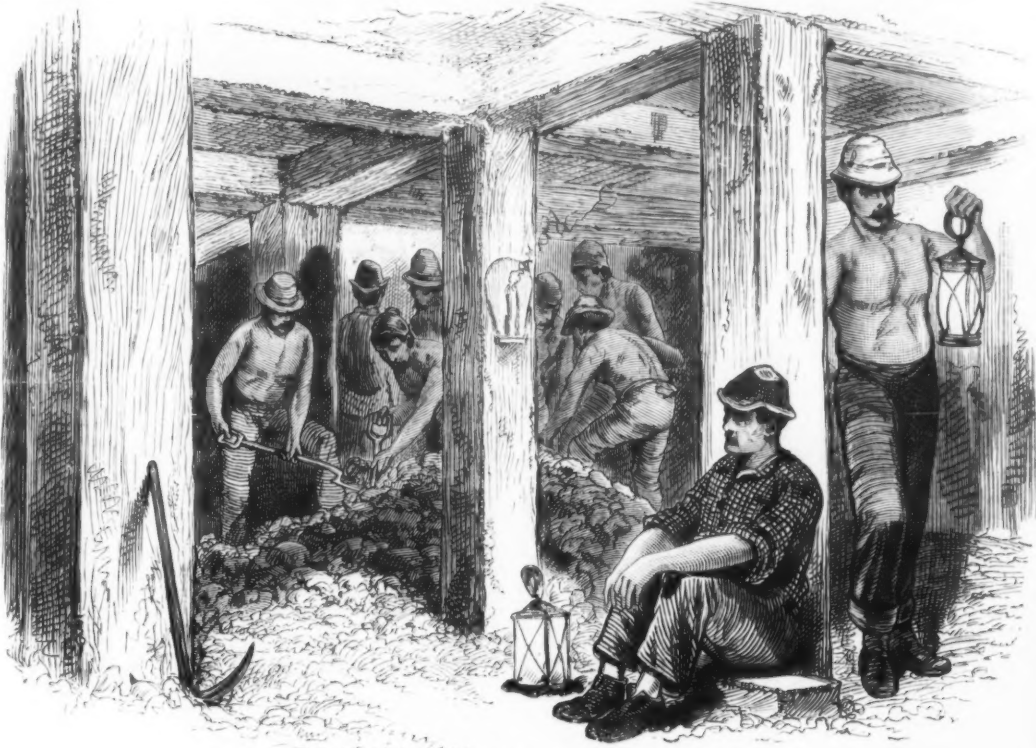
ENGLAND.—THE ARRIVAL OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AT GRAVESEND.



AFRICA.—THE STANLEY EXPEDITION—SETTING OUT TO CROSS LAKE TANGANYIKA.



TURKEY.—THE BRITISH FLEET STEAMING UP THE DARDANELLES.



A "STOPE," AT THE END OF A LEAD OF ORE.

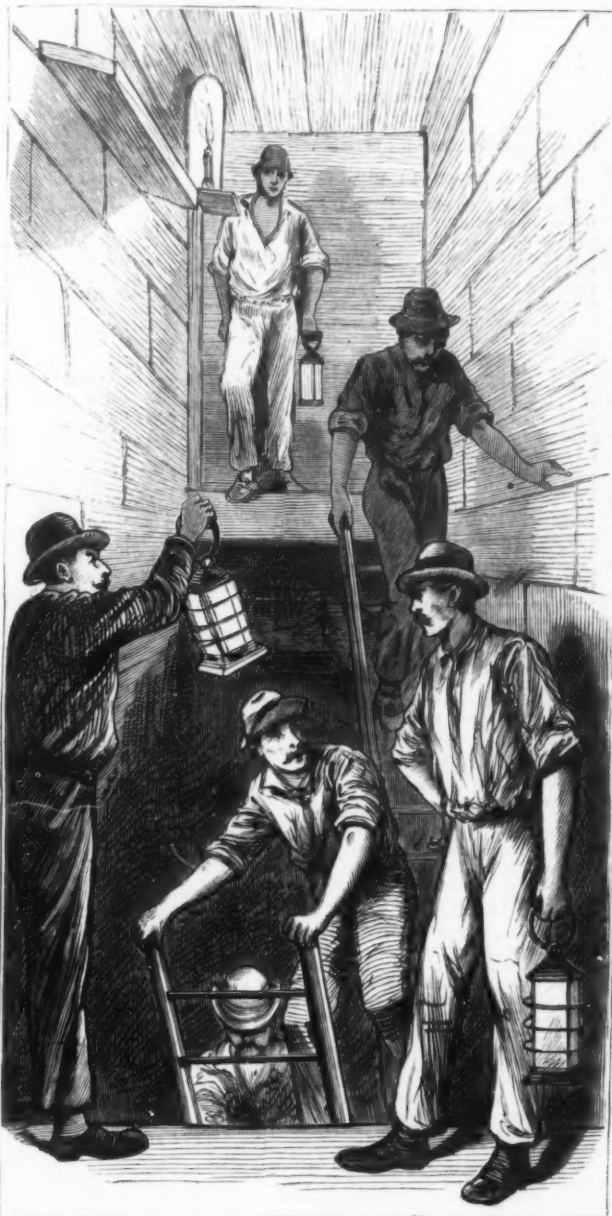
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.

A STOPE.

As is peculiar to all trades and occupations, the miners of Nevada have a phraseology of their own. Their argot is not so extensive as that of a Parisian gamin, nor as forcible as the slang of a Whitechapel rough; but though limited, it is expressive, and has been invented from time to time to meet the requirements of the craft. For instance, we were stopped suddenly at the end of a drift and informed that we had come to a "stope," whatever that might mean. On inquiring, we found that a stope is an excavation of considerable dimensions in all directions, and marks the end of a drift. It sometimes happens that the miners find the vein of silver growing weak, and this gradual attenuation indicates an exhaustion of the "lead" or total running-out of profitable metal-bearing ore. It is not likely that the quartz all around will be barren, and the course adopted is to search on every side for a continuation of the silver-bearing ore, which has from some natural cause been interrupted. The miners strike out here and there, going various ways from their straight course, until at length their perseverance and skill is either rewarded by the discovery of the continuation of the old vein or the striking of an entirely new one, either being equally acceptable. Should, however, their efforts on all sides be unsuccessful, the drift is abandoned as not likely to pay working expenses, and timber is sent down in sufficient quantities to board up the excavations in the rock through which they have burrowed, so as to prevent the much-dreaded catastrophe called a caving-in or general subsidence of the roof and walls, which, if it happened, might weaken other portions of the mine and so overwhelm all in a terrible catastrophe, for being buried alive is a fate that the miner fears above all others. In these mines it is the principal danger, for the gases which generate the choke-damp of a coal-mine do not here find a home, the atmosphere, though heated, being comparatively pure and harmless. Having boarded up the runs and tunnels, the men have made their stope, and finally abandon the drift and retrace their adventurous



SKETCHING IN THE MINE—OUR REAR-GUARD AND ARTIST.



DESCENDING TO A LOWER LEVEL.

suggested that we should descend deeper into the earth. Our journey now somewhat reminded us of Jules Verne's powerful but ingenious story, entitled "To the Centre of the Earth," which, it will be remembered, was made through the intricacies of an extinct volcano somewhere in Iceland, but no such antediluvian wonders were to be encountered by us as lie pictures for the delectation of his skeptical readers.

Arriving at the proper spot, we saw before us a series of ladders almost perpendicular. The sensation while descending was like that of going down into the hold of a ship, but it had to be undergone, and, like true heroes, we did not shrink from the task. The perspiration was still streaming from us, and our hands were becoming begrimed with the impalpable dust which encompassed us. By "levels" is meant a series of drifts which are cut in all directions as far as the points of the compass are concerned, running north, south, east and west, but horizontal as to their surface, each level being, as the name implies, level with the surface of the ground in which it is commenced to hew it. The veins of silver being found to run in different directions and at different distances from a certain starting-point, different floors or layers of drifts are necessary, consequently the height of the level varies, as does their course, and the drifts issuing from the levels have no set or strictly mathematical direction. As a drift is abandoned when the silver is discovered to have run out, so is a whole level deserted when the vein is found to be extinguished, and then a lower one is established. The different levels are accessible by crude stairs, or rather ladders, on the same principle as communications are made by the builder from story to story when he has erected a house, and in course of time, through the untiring labor of the miner, a large silver mine, like the Consolidated Virginia, the Hale and Norcross, or the Gould and Curry, becomes a vast series of excavations, forming a veritable underground city, having streets, avenues, lanes, alleys and elevators and even railroad cars, for on each of the drifts tracks are laid on which glide smoothly the little cars or trucks, already described, in which the precious ore is drawn to the shaft, and thence hoisted up to the world without. In the building of one of these mines is exercised more care, money, labor and engineering skill than in the erection of those clusters, or congeries, of buildings scattered over a certain space, with rude designs, which in the West are dignified by the name of cities. In this lower-level the same ceaseless activity was visible. The human moles were



A DRAFT REGULATOR.



A LOW PASSAGE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—THE PARTY INVESTIGATING SILVER-MINING IN THE CONSOLIDATED VIRGINIA SILVER MINE, AT VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

steps to essay in some likelier section the prosecution of a more promising and lucrative vein. It has occurred to us that a stope may probably be derived from "stop." The miners come to a full stop. They are stopped in their work by the absence of "pay dirt," and can prosecute their labors no further advantageously. We make the philologist a present of this hypothesis, and he is at liberty to take it for what it is worth. We may remark here that the size of these drifts is ordinarily something less than that of a common car-tunnel. They are supported or shored up by a continuous lining of huge timbers on either side, and the top is braced up in the same substantial manner, so that there is no risk of any falling of the adjacent rock, the friable nature of which would make it very dangerous were it not for the admirable precautions which are taken against its crumbling. Having arrived at our stope, and inspected its gloomy surroundings, which once echoed to the noise of the frequent pick and the hearty voice of the miner, we returned to the scene of active operations. Being the last of the party, we confess to a slight nervousness lest we should fall out of the line of succession and so lose connection with the man in front of us. Unpleasant indeed would be the position of the one lost in the murky depths of this vicariously honey-combed rock. Who knows but that the unwary explorer might take a wrong turn and wander in solitary amazement, deepening hour by hour into terrified dismay, until, weak and weary, he sank to his eternal rest a victim to starvation and despair? This is not a very probable occurrence, but the mind of man is apt under certain given conditions to conjure up phantoms which the surroundings are not propitious for exorcising. Given a tumble-down, deserted house; required a ghost; the problem is easily worked out by superstition, multiplied by fear. It is the same with a drift in the vicinity of the stope. The numerous deserted cell-like openings suggest being lost, with death as the ultimate result of being unable to rejoin your friends. Certain conditions will inspire certain trains of thought. It is cause and effect. It was with delight that we came once more in contact with the busy miners, and banished all lugubrious fancies from our mind. Having pretty well exhausted the novelties of the 1,550-foot level, it was

tunneling and removing the debris, penetrating ever deeper and deeper, extending their ramifications and creating an almost endless series of caverns for after generations to wonder at but never inhabit. We could not refrain from casting an uneasy glance overhead from time to time, but the ponderous wooden supports allayed all fears of any avalanche of ore, scarcely a particle of dirt being able to fall down, so closely allied were the transverse beams and solid uprights.

OUR REAR-GUARD AND OUR ARTIST.

Though a man of resources and accustomed to make bricks without straw, our artist found it difficult to sketch, owing to the imperfect light. He had drawn landscapes in a lightning express; he was thoroughly at home in the panoramic business up in a balloon; the rolling of a ship in an Atlantic storm had no terrors for him; but to make pictures with nothing but a glowworm glimmer to indicate the position of phantom forms was more than even his practiced and cunning hand could accomplish. It was here that our lantern stood us in good stead. A rough-and-ready, horny-handed miner first solved the difficulty by holding up his lantern at an angle which cast a ruddy glare upon pencil and paper. Several others were immediately volunteered, and by the light of three or four our artist succeeded in making his hurried designs, which he reduced to shape and order on his arrival on terra firma. The miner in question little thought that his Rembrandt-like head would serve as a study; but if he sees this picture he will not fail to recognize the portrait, which we can fancy attracting considerable attention among the sons of toil when it reaches Virginia City. Another noticeable figure was that of Aquarius, or the water-carrier. This very agreeable sign of the zodiac followed us as our rear-guard, bringing with him a bucket filled with the limpid fluid, to which we had frequent recourse on account of the heat, which caused what we drank to evaporate quickly. Seldom were such thirsty mortals seen, and the way in which we quaffed the Croton would have delighted the heart of a stanch T. A. B. A sturdy fellow was this rear-guard, tall and erect as one of the pines on the neighboring mountains, with a skin as clear and white as that of a woman, and having a staid, self-possessed air which would have befitted a member of the legislative body. In conversation with this man, we learned that he had had quite an adventurous career in a short space of time. A year before he had been working in Boston as a clerk in a lawyer's office, his home being Augusta, Maine. Hard times caused his employer to cut down his salary. Piqued at the reduction, he threw up his situation, collected all the money he could from his relatives, and went West to seek his fortune, but, like the character in Dickens's novel, he did not find it. Going first to Chicago, he found every avenue of employment filled. From there he went to Omaha, where no better luck attended him. At Cheyenne he discovered that the possession of a good education, a knowledge of Latin, being able to write a good hand, and a thorough acquaintance with mathematics and the exact sciences, was of no service to him whatever. Learning and the arts were a drug in the market; so he bought an outfit and took the stage for Deadwood City. Here were too many of his own class, and though willing to work, none offered itself, though he would gladly have handled pick and shovel for a bare subsistence. The natural law of progression in the West took him from the Black Hills, which have ruined the expectations and blasted the hopes of so many men, to Nevada, and after a short and fruitless stay in Reno, he went on to Virginia City. Now our pilgrim had reached his Mecca, and he felt sure of making his fortune in this El Dorado. But again he was mistaken, for all the mines were full-handed, and numerous applicants were turned away daily. After waiting and starving for nearly three months, he got put on a shaft in the Consolidated Virginia, where we found him. As he ended his graphic recital, we fancied we detected a sigh, which indicated regret at the indulgence of that obstinate pride which had induced him to leave home and friends in the good old city of Boston, for the imperfect civilization of the West, where the struggle for daily existence is, if possible, fiercer than it is in the East. Half a loaf is better than no bread, and we felt sure that our rear-guard would have been glad to work again in his old office, even if he were subjected to a fifty per cent. reduction on his weekly wage. This shows that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of. We do not claim originality for this remark, as we have reason to believe that William Shakespeare uttered it in the latter part of the sixteenth century. A. D., but it is as true now as when it was written.

A DRAFT REGULATOR.

The currents of air which run through the galleries are carefully regulated, as heavy canvas curtains, placed at intervals, testify. Our sketch represents one of these draft-regulators, which, when pulled aside, allows a steady stream of air to rush along like a boisterous current in a storm area. This is very agreeable to the tired and gasping miner who, in confined places, experiences a feeling at times akin to suffocation. All he has to do to gain relief is to come into one of the levels and inflate his lungs, reveling in the cool and grateful atmosphere here provided for his especial benefit. Those who have experienced the heat of a midsummer day—when the air seems to swoon around one, not a leaf stirs, not a blade of grass is agitated, and scarce a ripple is to be detected on the surface of the silent sea—well know how to appreciate a gust of cold air, which to the miner is what a shower of rain is to the parched and thirsty traveler in the sandy desert of the great Sahara.

A LOW PASSAGE.

In the course of our peregrinations we had to encounter the discomforts of a low passage. Though not given to the use of energetic language, we do not hesitate to say that this is the meanest contrivance that the mind of man could descend to. When a person, glorying in the possession of five feet ten and a half of flesh and blood and bone, finds himself suddenly compelled to double himself up, thereby reducing his proud stature to about three feet, and then creep and crawl and stumble along a narrow, dwarfed passage fifty or a hundred yards long, and has to keep in this painful and undignified position the whole distance, under no less a penalty than bumping his head against the rock above, he is apt to make use of expressions which would be deemed unparliamentary at Washington and promptly ruled out of order. We had to make the transit of one of these passages, industriously inspecting the ground as if searching for a lost quarter, filling eyes and nostrils with dust, stumbling over detached pieces of rock and contracting pains in the back, which were painfully suggestive of rheumatism in the lumber region. This was a realization of the punishment of "Little Ease" in the days of feudalism, when a political offender was incarcerated in a dungeon four feet by two, which did not permit of his standing up or lying down. To a fat man this mode of progression was extremely repulsive; and

as emulating the antics of a toad was not at all in our line of business and decidedly out of the contract, we were sincerely rejoiced when the horrors of this middle passage came to an end, and we could assume a position which once more entitled us to the respect of our fellow-citizens. This passage or tunnel was ascertained to be one of the experimental cuttings in search of a new vein, branching out from a stope and breaking through into another level. Having emerged into a comparatively open space, we summoned the rear-guard, took a libation and enjoyed a brief rest. While our artist again began to limn the sharply defined outlines of the low passage, we were pressed as before into the service of lighting the knight of the pencil. It was not exactly holding a candle to a certain personage who shall be nameless, but it was weird and picturesque nevertheless. Rapidly were the strokes of the crayon marked upon the cartoon paper, a few dashes here representing a rock, a dozen or more there indicating a man, and a conglomeration of apparently unintelligible scratches filling the chiaroscuro, which would afterwards make the light and shade to give tone and color to the cut.

A PERILOUS POSITION.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HAVING committed that murderous and suicidal act, Marmaduke Hesketh crept back to the coping and seated himself directly opposite me, with the opening of the chimney between. For a long while we gazed upon each other in silence, then with an exultant laugh he burst forth:

"You look agitated, my good sir, and yet I scarcely think you have taken in the full significance of the performance you have witnessed. Your intellect, unless I do you injustice, is somewhat obtuse. I will therefore make clear our position to you. You and I are alone upon this chimney-top, and for any particular choice in the matter, we might just as well be in our tombs. Neither of us will ever again tread the earth beneath; for all connection with it being, as you perceive, cut off, it can only be reached by a leap, upon which, I fancy, we shall not be inclined voluntarily to venture. Attempts, I have no doubt, will be made to rescue us; but they will of necessity only be of such a character as can be easily frustrated—and I shall frustrate them. My own life, I assure you, is perfectly valueless to me. I have brought you here to die, and to die of a slow, lingering death, aggravated by mental torture. It is a felicity I have long anticipated, and I am not likely to allow myself to be talked of it."

"Oh, man, man!" I cried, in mortal agony, "are you indeed a human being, or a fiend in human shape?"

"A highly melodramatic question, upon my word," he sneered. "Nevertheless, with my wonted good breeding, I will endeavor to answer it. I am, I believe, gentle youth, a man; and yet, to own the truth, I have been impelled to my present course of action by certain sentiments popularly attributed to the enemy of mankind—to wit, hate, jealousy, and despair. Yes, Mr. Frederick Carleton, I hate you, and I have hated you from the very first hour of our acquaintance! Your death had been determined upon by me long before this plan for securing it, with an additional piquant flavor of enjoyment to myself, had suggested itself. You have not, as I have before hinted, a very active or capacious mind; but possibly your imagination may have been sufficiently stimulated by alarm to have already suggested to you that it was I who sent, or caused to be sent, that telegram which so opportunely prevented our friend Mr. Middleton from accompanying us to this elevated and delightful spot. So far as I am aware, you will be relieved to hear that Captain Middleton is in perfect health."

"Oh, can this horrible iniquity be permitted?" I groaned, raising my hands in frenzied supplication. "Can this monster be actually permitted to carry out his fiendish purpose?"

"Curious, isn't it, the selfishness of the human heart?" meditated my tormentor, affecting to regard me with a studious air. "This individual, I dare to aver, thinks that this act of mine is the very worst act ever committed. The individual in question has read, of course, of the painful deaths of thousands of his fellow-mortals by famine, pestilence, and war; of the sufferings of his countrymen in the Black Hole of Calcutta; and of other terrible atrocities. But of all atrocities, the most atrocious and unequaled is the one that aims at depriving the world of his presence, of extinguishing the puny spark of his life, even though he has the consolation of knowing that his enemy will perish in his company! A very curious exhibition of selfishness indeed! Fie, fie, young man; I am ashamed of you!" With these words, and with a sneer upon his lips, Mr. Hesketh turned his face from me and fell into silence.

By this time the men who had worked the windlass, and several others engaged about the adjacent building, had gathered below, and were excitedly gesticulating and shouting. Of what they said I could not distinguish a syllable; but from their gestures, I gathered that they were inciting me to courage, and that they knew Mr. Hesketh to be the cause of our calamitous situation—no doubt deeming him mad. And with the conviction that they so far comprehended the state of affairs, and would use endeavors to rescue me, hopes sprang up in my breast. "It was impossible," I thought, "that I should be going to perish—to be cut off in this awful manner in the midst of youth and bliss. I, who loved and was beloved; who, that very afternoon, had been so full of ecstatic happiness, and had thought myself the happiest of God's creatures. No; it wasn't in the nature of things. It couldn't, couldn't, couldn't be!" Repeating to myself this assurance, I watched with eager attention the further proceedings of the workmen below, and noted presently that several of them were running off in the direction of the town, whilst others were making across some fields by a footpath which led to Holm Court.

I was trying to think what means could be adopted for our salvation, when my cruel foe again addressed me.

"I hope, my friend," he said, "that you are not allowing yourself to be buoyed up by false hopes. The fools below (who no doubt consider me demented) think, perhaps, that they may suc-

ceed in helping you down again to terra firma—you and I know better. By-the-by, I wonder that you have not yet had the curiosity to inquire in what way you have earned my by no means impotent ill-will. Another proof, I fear, of defective phrenological development—Wonder and Acquisitiveness very small. However, you shall hear, if you will kindly favor me with your attention. I will give you in a few words the history of my life. At a very early age—don't let the fact distress you—I was left an orphan, and was brought up by a maiden aunt, who, I fancy, was not very fond of boys. At any rate, she did not exhibit her fondness for me in such a manner as to inspire me with any return of affection, and at twenty-eight I had never known what it was to care for, or to be cared for, by any of my fellow-creatures. At that age I paid a first visit to my distant relative, Mr. Middleton, and saw his daughter, then about fifteen years old. With her I fell in love, as it is called; that is, I gave her the strong concentrated devotion of a wild passionate nature. I determined to marry her; but I was poor and her father was mercenary. I would ruin my cause by speaking then, and in another week I was upon my way to America, bent, with iron purpose, upon making a fortune. Of my life in America I will not trouble you with an account, lest, mayhap, I might shock your virtue and sensibility. Suffice it to say, that during the seven years I remained in that country, I was by turns a gold-digger, a backwoodsman, and a merchant. During those seven years I heard regularly from Miss Middleton's maid, who received from me an annual honorarium for keeping me informed of all that concerned her mistress. At different times I had sent me by that young woman a lock of Clara's hair and a likeness, and by her I was constantly assured—false jade!—that Clara had as yet had no *affaire de cœur*. So, full of hope, I toiled on towards the accumulation of wealth, praying night and morning one simple prayer, namely, that my darling might be kept for me. And at length, with a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds, I returned to lay it and myself at the feet of her I loved—loved with a love which you, weak, beardless boy, cannot even comprehend—a love which, compared with yours, is as the restless tossing ocean to a placid mill-pond, the fierce flames of a burning forest to the feeble flicker of a lucifer-match! And what did I find when, full of joyous anticipation, I arrived at her father's house? Why, I found her for whose sake I had gone through incredible labors, for whose love I had yearned night and day for seven long years, engaged, and upon the very point of marriage with an empty-headed, aristocratic stripling, six months her junior! And worst of all, I found that she absolutely loved the noodle! And now, Mr. Frederick Carleton, do you wonder that I determined to frustrate your marriage? Do you wonder that I hate you with a mortal hatred? Do you wonder that I regard my own life as of no more worth than a withered Autumn leaf?"

"Oh, Hesketh, I am very, very sorry for you!" I said, as he ceased to speak; for his story and the agony of his face as he related it, had touched me. "But you are mistaken in asserting your love to be superior to mine. It is inferior—inferiorly inferior. For I tell you, man, that if Clara had loved you, I would not have stirred a finger to injure you; and that rather than rend her heart, as it will be rent by the knowledge of what has happened, I would willingly suffer the cruel death you have designed for me, but which I feel confident will somehow be prevented."

"You do, do you? Well, wait and see. I imagine your confidence will soon die out. And in the meantime, keep your sniveling pity to yourself. Don't speak another word to me unless you are spoken to!"

"I will not," I replied; my compassion vanishing, and giving place to the horror with which I had previously regarded him. And averting my face from this dreadful companion, I awaited in my perilous position the issue of events. It declared itself thus. In what must in reality have been an incredibly short period, although to me it appeared of immense duration, a large crowd had collected around the chimney, and I presently saw a kite ascending from its midst. Slowly it rose into the air, higher and higher, borne by a gentle breeze in the direction of the chimney. The object of its flight I had readily guessed; but Mr. Hesketh, to my extreme astonishment, did not appear to have noticed it. He had taken a cigar from his case, lighted it with a fusee, and was now calmly smoking with his eyes in a contrary direction. At length the kite was upon a level with us, and by a dexterous movement on the part of the man who held it, it fluttered to my feet. I stretched out my hand and seized it. A thrill of pleasure passed through my frame as I felt the string tugging from beneath, and knew that, though only by a line of twine, a communication was established between me and those who were planning my rescue.

But my gratification was not of long continuance. Glancing furtively the while at Mr. Hesketh, I commenced rapidly to draw in the string, to which, as I guessed, a rope would be attached, wondering if it were really possible that he had not observed what was taking place. For a moment or two he smoked on in affected ignorance or unconcern, then knocking the ashes from his cigar, and replacing it in his mouth, he approached me, deliberately opened a penknife, and with a satirically polite, "Allow me," held out his hand for the string. At imminent danger of a fatal slip from my seat, I struggled to prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but in vain; and having severed the twine with a sardonic laugh he retreated to his former position. A cry of execration rose from below, so loud and wrathful and prolonged, that I thought, as directed against himself, it must surely make my foe tremble. But no; his composure, real or pretended, remained, I saw, unruined.

And now, with what intensity of solicitude I waited for the next movement below! With what maddening impatience I watched the crowd continually augmenting, noted groups consulting together, saw people running hither and thither, gesticulating, looking upwards, shouting constantly, but doing nothing! And with what un-

utterable misery I presently perceived on the outskirts of the crowd, a form, which by the instinct of love I could have picked out from a larger assembly and at a greater distance. Her arms stretched upwards, as though to lessen the dreadful gulf which divided us, Clara stood upon a little mound of debris; and by the agony of her attitude I could judge, though I could not distinguish her features, of the agony of her face. Mr. Hesketh saw her too; for I heard him groan deeply, as though in pain, and glancing towards him, I perceived his eyes fixed in the direction where she stood. But from the expression of his countenance, I knew well that the sight of her anguish had not shaken by one iota his pitiless resolve. Twilight fell, after a period of infinite duration, shrouding Clara from my view; but not before I had seen her joined by a man, who had taken her in his arms and strained her to his bosom, and whom I conjectured to be Mr. Middleton, returned from the fool's errand upon which he had been sent.

Upon the night of horror which succeeded I shall not dwell. All through its interminable hours, my horrid companion and I sat sleepless and silent, watching the red bonfires which blazed below, illuminating the base of the huge chimney and the figures of a considerable number of people who remained around it. By dawn the crowd had reassembled more numerous than upon the previous day, and again and again attempts were made to convey to me a rope by means of a kite, but only to be each time defeated by my powerful antagonist. Then one by one, other means of reaching us were tried; but all proved to be either infeasible in themselves or impracticable for lack of co-operation from above. By degrees every hope of rescue was extinguished in my breast, and I could only resolve to meet my fate like a man, and to pray that Clara might not suffer too keenly upon the consummation of the event. That she suffered keenly now, I could not avoid seeing, as with my despairing gaze riveted upon her, I faced the spot where, with her father and mother, she remained for most part of the day.

At length—it was getting towards the close of the afternoon, and unable longer to bear the sight of my beloved one's torment—I turned away, and as my eyes fell upon the crowd, I noticed within it a movement of renewed excitement. I remarked, moreover, that Mr. Hesketh had also observed it, for I saw him remove his cigar (he had been smoking almost unintermittently since day-break), and I heard him murmur: "What are they up to now?" They were the first words he had spoken that day, and as they left his lips he started violently, for a bullet had whizzed past his ear, actually grazing it. The rifle had been discharged from behind him, and from the top of a wall belonging to the mill in process of building, and which stood quite separately and at some distance from the chimney.

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" exclaimed my reckless and now sullen enemy, speedily recovering his nonchalance of bearing. "Well, that can easily be put a stop to. My dear fellow, I must seek protection beneath your wing. They won't shoot at me now." And resuming his smoking, he offered me a cigar. "Better take one," he said, sulkily, as I refused the weed with disgust. "Smoking is a good preventive of hunger; and I daresay you are beginning to feel hungry."

I was not hungry in the least; but I had for some hours been consumed with a terrible thirst; and as it presently occurred to me to produce an increase of saliva, by chewing a corner of my handkerchief, I felt for it in my pocket. But instead of my handkerchief, my hand lighted upon another object, cool and round, and in an instant my heart "leaped into my throat." I managed, however, to remain motionless, though the blood tingled through my veins with excitement, and I was obliged to keep my face turned from him, lest the inspiration of hope upon it should be visible to my intended murderer. But he had fallen again into the sullen, brooding taciturnity which he had preserved all day, and did not even glance in my direction.

Thus we sat together till the slow hours had dragged themselves away, and the second night had fallen upon us in that awful situation. Then Mr. Hesketh spoke again. "Carleton," he said, in a tone equally determined with any he had yet used, but not so expressive of hate and satire—"Carleton, I am tired of this, and I think you have now suffered enough. Your hair, I have observed, has turned quite gray. I shall, therefore, put an end to your torture and my own sooner than I had intended. To-morrow morning, as soon as the gaping crowd below has reassembled in sufficient numbers to give zest to the exhibition of our agility, we will take a leap together into their arms. Meantime, I propose to spend this last night of my existence in sleep, and with this object shall now retire to the opposite side of our airy castle. Do not, however, delude yourself with the hope, which I fancy I detect in your quickened breathing. I am a light sleeper, having long been accustomed to sleep with one eye open, for fear of wild Indians, or worse; and at a touch, or even a movement on your part, I should awake."

If ever I prayed in my life, I surely prayed upon that awful night when I saw Marmaduke Hesketh stretched out around the parapet of the chimney, with his head resting upon one arm, doubled under it for a pillow. And surely I may believe that it was in answer to that prayer, and to the prayers for my safety of one dearer to me than myself, that the sound sleep was sent which I presently perceived to have fallen upon him. Down below flickered the red bonfires, and faint from the distance came the sound of voice; but above that sound I heard the sweet music of heavy breathing. And now, with the utmost caution, I commenced to creep round towards my enemy's head—pausing at each step to listen if he still slept. Upon the success of the plan I was about to try depended my life, and in each moment of uncertainty which intervened until I was assured of that success, I lived an eternity. At last I was quite close, and he had not awakened! I drew from my pocket the bottle of chloroform which I had bought for Mrs. Middleton—could it have been only two days ago!—and saturating my handkerchief with it, held it before

his mouth. The breathing grew quieter. I pressed the handkerchief closer, and it became inaudible. I touched him, and he did not move. I grew bolder, and shook him, yet he did not awake. And now I was assailed by a strong temptation to hurl him over the chimney's side. I could have done it, I felt, easily; and I know the act would have been justified in the eyes of most people. But I resisted the temptation—for which I shall be thankful all my life—and carried out instead my original plan of disarming him, as far as possible for the present, and waiting, until absolutely compelled to it in self-preservation, before I would attempt to cause his death. My method of disarming him was to bind together as firmly and tightly as I could his arms and legs, using for this purpose the two large balls of twine which Master Charlie had so urgently impressed upon me not to forget to purchase for him. Ah, how little I had thought when selecting them to what a use they would be employed!

Having affected my purpose, and finding my foe still motionless and unconscious, I returned to my former position, and, bending downwards, shouted with all my might to attract the attention of those below. But the effort was fruitless. I could not make myself heard; neither could I, in the darkness, be descried from below. It was only when the faint streaks of coming day began to appear in the horizon that my figure could be made out standing alone and defined against the gray sky; and then I could see that a rapid search was made inside and around the chimney for the body of the man who was supposed to have fallen thence; for, in his recumbent position and hidden by the low parapet, my companion could not be discerned from beneath. At length I had the happiness of perceiving that the gesticulating figure above, wildly imploring aid, was recognized as mine; and then once more I saw ascending towards me on that early Summer morning a white-winged messenger of salvation. And still my dreaded enemy slept. He slept on, when I had seized the kite, and whilst I drew in with eager rapidity the string. He slept on, whilst with growing excitement I hauled up a slender rope, and then a stouter one attached thereto, dropping them both into the interior of the chimney. He slept on whilst I pulled up, hand-over-hand, a strong iron chain, at the end of which, when it reached me, I found affixed a horizontal iron bar. And he still slept on, whilst I passed this iron bar beneath my legs as a seat, and feeling the chain held firmly below, grasped it with both hands and let myself over the side. Then, whether or not he slept, I thought no more, as with closed eyes and heart full of thanksgiving, I felt myself gradually lowered against the chimney's smooth side, down, down, down, until in the end I touched the firm earth, saw a sea of faces gathering around me, heard a hubbub of congratulation, and sank into unconsciousness.

When I recovered from an illness which supervened, and which lasted several weeks, I found myself in the chamber I usually occupied when visiting at Holm Court, with Clara by my side, pale and worn with anxiety and watching. My nerves had been so unstrung by the mental shock I had endured, that for a long time no allusion was permitted in my presence to the events I have recorded. But eventually, on my insisting on being informed of Mr. Hesketh's fate, I was told, that after waiting several hours for any movement on the part of the supposed madman, a brave bricklayer had volunteered to ascend the chimney by the same means as I had used in its descent, and had found him stone-dead, with his limbs bound, and in the position I had left him. By the administration of the chloroform I had unintentionally slain him.

Two words in conclusion. The unfortunate man was brought to the ground in the car in which, two days before, he had ascended with me intent upon his murderous purpose—a couple of mechanics having ascended by means of the chain and bar and readjusted the machinery. He was buried. And six months afterwards I was married—not as the gay, sprightly youth I had been before that awful adventure, but as a gray-headed, prematurely aged man. But Clara loves me in spite of my white hairs, and Time with his healing hand is gradually effacing the mental scar, and restoring to me my youthful health and spirits.

INSTALLATION OF HENRY WARD BEECHER

AS CHAPLAIN OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

A FEW weeks ago the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., stationed in Brooklyn, elected the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher chaplain, in place of Rev. Dr. Carroll, resigned. On Friday evening, March 1st, the armory on Flatbush Avenue was thronged with guests of the regiment, invited to witness the ceremony of installation, after a regular battalion drill. Mr. Beecher attended, for a few moments, the usual Friday evening prayer-meeting at Plymouth Church, and explained the course he had taken with reference to the regiment, giving his reasons quite fully therefor. He was then driven, with his two sons, from the church to the armory, reaching it just after the opening of the drill. He was escorted to a front seat by two or three of the officers, and sat chatting with his friends while, for over half an hour, the regiment marched and counter-marched.

At length the companies took their positions in open order on three sides of the immense hall, and Colonel Austin addressed Mr. Beecher, who at once threw off his heavy cloak and stepped towards the middle of the room. Here he stood with uplifted hand while Colonel Austin said: "You do solemnly swear to support the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York, and to faithfully perform the duties of your office to the best of your ability, so help you God." Mr. Beecher replied, "I do," and Colonel Austin handed him his parchment commission. Turning to the regiment, the colonel then said: "Fellow-soldiers of the Thirteenth, I present to you as our new chaplain a man who needs no introduction from me."

Mr. Beecher said that he had accepted the position intending to faithfully discharge its duties as

far as possible. The time was when these drills were regarded somewhat as sport, but the country had passed through scenes in the last twenty years which had taught it to respect its citizen soldier. He referred to the troubles of the last year in this country when the National Guard was useful, and remarked upon how the prejudice against a standing army was soothed by the National Guard. He hoped the regiment would never be called out to do duty in the field of battle, but he could not tell, neither could they, what the future contained. They should stand ready to be used as the right hand of the police, their auxiliary force, to act as men who could both do and abstain from doing in times of disaster. If any storm came, he hoped it would be only such as would serve to clear the sky. Since he might call himself a part of the Thirteenth Regiment, he hoped its men would act with such alacrity and pride as to make the regiment second to none in the city. It had a name that was honored. He would do all that was possible to make up the measure of his duties, and would serve the regiment in any way that he could.

After a few more evolutions the ranks were broken and a promenade concert followed, during which Mr. Beecher was escorted on a tour of inspection of the company-rooms. Contrary to general expectation, Chaplain Beecher did not appear in uniform.

Have our Winters grown Milder?

THIRTY years ago (says the New York correspondent of the Baltimore Sun) wheeled vehicles of any kind were rarely seen on Broadway between Christmas week and the second fortnight of February. There were snow-storms for New York in those days, the noonday sun and the friction of travel scarcely discoloring one fleecy deposit before another fell upon it, all packing under hoofs and runners during the busy hours and freezing by night, until the customary January thaw found an icy road-bed too solid to be made unsightly before the next white storm. Later Winters, with exceptions now and then, have brought less and less snow for us, omnibus companies and other institutions of heavy equine draft selling off, in consequence, their formerly indispensable sleighs and the city authorities actually undertaking to clear the streets promptly of all snowfalls, as though the latter were but so much ordinary dust of the thoroughfare. Last year's thirty days' sleighing in the side streets and suburbs was a hint that we may yet again have Decembers and Januaries compelling the universal runner back even to Broadway. The present season, however, had been tropically impracticable for skating-ice, even up to the howling tempest of a week ago, when a badly drifting specimen of the old type of wintry dispensation gave the once familiar jingling bells a brief recall to the daily symphony of the great city.

Women as Chemists.

THE *Journal of Chemistry* says: "Disagreeable and even dangerous as some kinds of laboratory work are, it must be said in general that chemical manipulation as now conducted in laboratories of instruction is comparatively cleanly, and the work is such that it does not place in jeopardy clothing or health to any great extent. Modern laboratories are pleasant rooms, well ventilated, and the furnaces with their glowing fierce heats have disappeared, having been supplanted by the gas furnaces—much more convenient and effective. Methods of analysis have been wonderfully simplified, and the apparatus is most skillfully constructed, so as to save labor and expense. It must be conceded that the mind of woman is perhaps as well adapted to comprehend chemical principles as that of the other sex, and as the necessary experimental work is now in no special way objectionable, why should not women who have natural tastes for the study engage in it? They may not be fitted for technical work in industrial laboratories, but for instruction in the principles of science in schools there are no special obstacles to success. The way is open for women, as in many of our best schools classes of girls have been formed for laboratory instruction, and the number in attendance is constantly increasing.

Harmony Born of Sorrow.

How is it that the sublimest music and the most entrancing verse are the results of sorrow? How is it that "sweetness is wrung out of pain, as the juice is crushed away from the cane"? Out of the fire comes the purified gold, and out of the furnace of trial, and pain and sorrow, comes that perfect sympathy which lies at the root of genius. Pain develops faculties which would otherwise lie dormant, and thus out of much suffering grew the deathless song of Byron and the immortal music of Beethoven. Nursed by neglect, fostered by contempt, grew their soul-children into a life which triumphed over the scorn which had slighted their infancy—beautiful soul-children, that shall live for ever in the eternal youth of genius. So long as the heart of humanity shall continue to throb, so long shall continue Byron's verse and Beethoven's harmonies. The heart, with its passionate longings, its hope and despair, its delight and its utter weariness, is embodied in the works of both. Strains of infinite tenderness and burning notes of passionate intensity, go to the heart of the listener with that strange undefinable power—that thrill, which is the charm of Beethoven's music. That composer once remarked that "music should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman." His music has accomplished both. The works of other musicians may delight or astonish; Weber's sweet notes have a home in many hearts, and Mozart's versatile genius has given to dramatic music its highest expression; but we venture to say that none exercises that marvelous fascination, none weaves the spell of enchantment which dwells in the burning notes of the master musician.

Wooden Money.

ADVOCATES of inconvertible paper currency may, perhaps, derive some satisfaction and encouragement from the fact that from the reign of Henry I. down to the period of the establishment of the Bank of England the legal-tender money of England was fabricated out of wood. This instrument was called an exchange tally, and by virtue of it the holder was entitled to receive from the Crown the value inscribed thereon. It really consisted of one half of a four-sided rod or staff, on which, when in its entire state, the sum it purported to represent was carved in transverse notches, varying in width for thousands, hundreds,

scores, pounds, shillings, and pence. These signs were for the unlearned; for the advantage of those who could read, the sum was written in ink or on two opposite sides of the staff, and, finally, with a knife and mallet the staff itself was split in two longitudinally. One half, called the tally or check, was given to the person for whose service it was intended; the other half, called the counter tally, was laid up in safe keeping until its corresponding tally should be brought in by the person who had last given value for it. Its intrinsic value was, of course, only that of the wood of which it was composed, but by representation it denoted large sums. It was a current token of real money, and served actually to distribute it from man to man by this exchange. From this primitive tally was derived the Exchequer Bill, first introduced in 1696 by Mr. Montague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The word "bill," too, was no doubt obtained from the Norman French word, *bilie*, which means a staff. Bank post bills and bills of exchange in our own day came from the same wooden base, and soldiers are said at this hour to be "billeted," because formerly they tendered wooden "bills" or tallies to the victuallers upon whom they were quartered. In olden times officers of the army who were taken into the king's own pay were said to be put on the staff, that is, they were paid with exchequer tallies, or wooden money.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Funeral of Pope Pius IX.

Pope Pius IX. expired at 5:45 P. M., April 7th, in the presence of more than twenty cardinals kneeling round his bed, while the ante-room was thronged with the *famigliari* of the Vatican. The Camerlengo, Cardinal Pecci, after having confirmed the death in the traditional way—by beating three times the forehead of the deceased with a silver hammer, and calling him aloud each time—crushed the pastoral ring, which is the symbol of Papal power, in the consecrated mortar, thereby assuming the temporary government of the church. He had received from the dying Pope's hands two sealed letters—one concerning the procedure of the Conclave, the other the last will of the deceased—and immediately convoked all the cardinals present in Rome, among whom Cardinals Manning and Du Falloux, who had not left the room during the whole day, were the only foreigners. On the morning of the funeral the Sacred College and the Chapter of St. Peter's assembled in the Basilica, and descended to the Vatican to remove the body. All the prelates were dressed in black, the cardinals wearing their robes and violet hats. After an absolution pronounced by the Dean of the Chapter of St. Peter's, the body was raised from the bed and placed in a casket standing on a red platform or litter. Eight sub-canons of St. Peter's raised the litter with its covering of black velvet, and the funeral procession then moved from the Sistine Chapel through the Royal Hall with its magnificent paintings, past the Pauline Chapel and down the *scala regia*, the royal staircase, to the gate of the Portico of St. Peter's. The borders of the drapery placed over the body were supported by eight canons of St. Peter's, by whose side walked the guard of nobles and the Swiss Guards. Before the body walked the members of the Chapter of St. Peter's. Behind them came the prelates, and then the cardinals. Nearly all the attendants carried lighted torches, and the *Miserere* and *De Profundis* were chanted. In the centre of the grand nave was erected a catafalque on which the coffin was placed, and then the oldest bishop of the Chapter of St. Peter's pronounced a second absolution, while the assistants chanted the *Liberia no Domine*. After this absolution the body was borne to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and there behind the bronze gate the body of the Pope, clad in the Pontifical robes, was placed. The feet, covered with red sandals, projected through the bars of the gate and were reverently kissed by the people who had gathered to witness the ceremonies.

Henry M. Stanley in Central Africa.

Continuing our illustrations of the Stanley Exploring Expedition across Central Africa, the sketches we give this week afford a further evidence of the perilous character of that undertaking. The dangers, as well as the labors, fatigues, privations and other hardships, which were undergone by Mr. Stanley's party in their wandering course of several thousand miles, from the eastern to the western seacoast of Africa, during the past three years, can scarcely be understood by those who live at home in comparative ease and safety. Not the least of such perils was that which they experienced, upon several occasions, in the descent of the Lower Congo, where formidable rapids and cataracts interfere with secure navigation. In reference to the start across Lake Tanganyika, Mr. Stanley writes in his narrative: "The lake was becalmed and the sun was about setting, suffusing Kabogo and M'ehazy Hills, and our camp on the point, with a half-rosate, half-purplish hue, as the bugle sounded 'Hoist sail and away.' We had waited for this hour throughout the lazy, flagging day, to leave the melancholy harbor and its melancholy river to the silence which fittingly harmonizes with the leafless trees and the burnt grass of a late August season. We had watched the wild waves subside slowly, and had listened to the moanings of the storm that in the early morning had lashed the lake's face into foam. In the afternoon, when certain that we should have a quiet night to cross the lake, we began to pack up and load the boats with the numerous paraphernalia of exploration, and, after great trouble and excitement, managed to place the riding asses in them. About 5:30 we hoisted sail, and manned the oars to the tune of a boat song sung lustily by the crews.

The Arrival of Cleopatra's Needle in England.

The cylinder ship to which the celebrated Egyptian obelisk was intrusted, some months ago, has at last arrived in London. The abandonment of the Needle in the Bay of Biscay on October 14th, and the unfortunate loss of life by which the circumstance was accompanied, must still be fresh in every memory, as well as the fact that the queer-shaped ship was discovered shortly after its supposed loss in an almost unimpaired condition, and towed into the harbor of Ferrol, a seaport town on the northwestern coast of Spain. On January 15th the Cleopatra left Ferrol in tow of the English tug *Anglia*, and on the 21st the two vessels reached Gravesend. They soon started for London, where the Cleopatra was moored in the East India Dock, to await the decision as to the final site of the obelisk.

The British Fleet in the Dardanelles.

One of our foreign pictures represents the first trip of the British squadron to the Dardanelles, on the 24th of January, when Admiral Hornby was ordered by a telegram from the Admiralty to leave Besika Bay and steam up the Straits, and to occupy Gallipoli. Next day the Admiral led the way up the Straits, and the fleet passed the first and second forts, Sedil Bahr on the European and Kum Kieh on the Asiatic side. All the guns of these forts were manned, and the soldiers turned out under arms. The Admiral then sent the *Salamis* up to Chanak to ask the Pasha if he had any objection to the British fleet passing up, and to say that if he had he would have to force his way up. All the ships were cleared for action, and the Admiral told the ship's companies to remain cool and quiet. The Pasha replied that he would not stop the fleet, and the vessels accordingly

proceeded on their way, but when near Chanak a telegram was received through the consul, ordering the Admiral not to proceed further, and to return to Besika Bay. The squadron at once put back, and the Admiral, as he passed in the *Sultan*, saluted the Pasha's flag with twenty-two guns. This was the first time a British fleet has entered the Dardanelles since 1856.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—FOUR-FIFTHS of all the Baptists in the world are found in the United States.

—THE mistake of the Turks has been to fancy that they are a necessary evil.

—FOR the term "Turkey in Europe," that of "Russia in Turkey," will soon have to be substituted.

—NO LESS than 247 Indians have bitten the dust in frontier wars during the last year. And each bite cost the United States \$11,478 24.

—PHILADELPHIA is to send a collection of over one hundred and fifty specimens of drugs indigenous to North America for exhibition at Paris.

—AN exhibition of fans and a competition in the art of fan-making are to be held in the City of London, under the auspices of the Fanmakers' Company.

—HYDRANTS capable of throwing jets upon burning houses, without the intervention of engines, are to be fitted up throughout the city of London, at a cost of over \$70,000.

—STEPS are about to be taken to obtain from the United States a quantity of good tobacco-seed for cultivation in the northwestern provinces of India, in time for this year's sowing.

—THE Illinois State Agricultural Department reports that there are 342,682 acres of orchard in the State, and that the produce last year was worth \$3,589,672, or \$10.47 per acre.

—THE native press of India regard the Russo-Turkish war as an indication of coming danger to Great Britain, and some of them even express the hope that British rule may shortly be overthrown.

—THE works of the great German gunmaker and manufacturer, Krupp, are insured for \$9,500,000, the premium on which is about \$12,000 a year. The sum is divided among twelve insurance companies.

—SINCE the war, citizens of Georgia have sent out of the State \$1,252,000 for the education of their children. This fact is used as an argument in favor of the establishment of a college of the highest class within the State.

—THE colonial marriage Bill, which passed the British House of Commons February 28th, enables the offspring of a marriage concluded under the colonial laws with the deceased wife's sister to inherit property in the United Kingdom.

—THE desire to reach the North Pole is as strange a whim as to wish to swarm up a grassy pole, without even a leg of mutton at the top of it. Having arrived at the North Pole, what can a person do, except to return from it as speedily as possible?

—NOTWITHSTANDING the immense grain trade of Odessa, Revel, and St. Petersburg, there is not an elevator at either of those centres. But an American firm has just made a contract to build one at St. Petersburg as soon as peace is declared.

—REGULAR pigeon posts have been established by the Prussian Minister of Commerce between the Island of Borkum and the two light vessels on the Borkum Reefs, and also between the pilot office in Tönning and the lightships in the Eider.

—A CURIOUS candle used in Alaska is a fish eight inches long, almost transparent, and very fat, the fat being pure white, and very sweet. The Indians dry this fish, then light it at the tail, and it burns with a clear, sparkling flame, which the wind will not extinguish.

—MR. VLADIMIR STASOF, a well-known Russian archaeologist and critic, has addressed a letter to the Russian officers in Bulgaria, entreating them to look after the remains that are to be found there of early Bulgarian art. He is afraid that England will secure the treasures which the Russians have neglected.

—THE precise date at which the Order of the Garter was founded—for its records until after 1417 have perished—is a mooted point. It was certainly somewhere near the middle of the fourteenth century, but in what year it is extremely doubtful. The principal authorities fix the date at various years between 1344 and 1351.

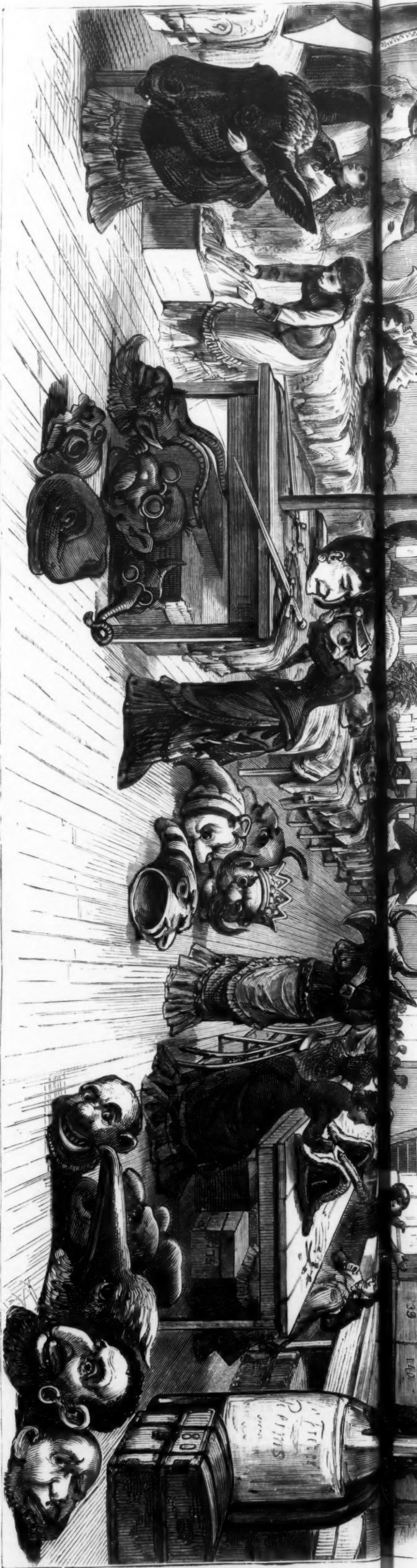
—THERE are 79,000 miles of telegraph wire in the United States and 6,850 offices, or one mile of line to every thirty-six square miles of area. England has 75,000 miles of line and 5,600 offices, or one mile of line to every one and a half miles of area. Russia has 31,500 miles of line and 900 offices, or one mile of line to every 330 square miles of area.

—MISALLIANCES are somewhat the fashion in London just now. The eldest son of an omniscent chairman of a railway company has just contracted a marriage with a barmaid of a hotel in a university town. This marriage was to have been a secret, but the relatives of the young lady, to the horror of her new papa-in-law, in their pride of the honor conferred on the family, and with the desire to duly impress their friends and the world at large, kindly announced the event in the *Times*.

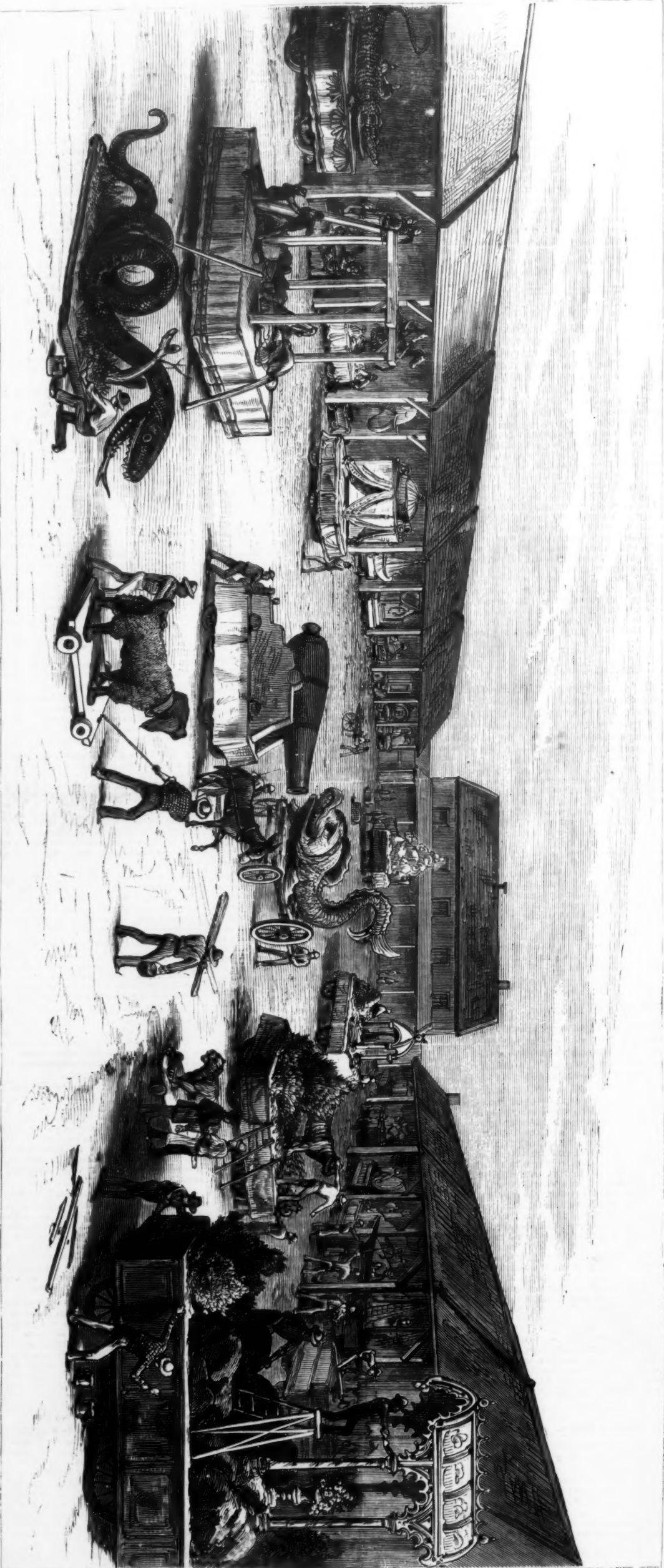
—A NEW YORK steam-dredging firm has contracted with the Russian Government to dredge a ship canal, twenty feet in depth and ten miles in length through the lagoon which separates Cronstadt from St. Petersburg. The plan also embraces a commercial port at the further extremity of the canal. The work is to be begun by October next, and finished in 1883. By means of this canal a large part of the navy can be withdrawn from the exposed position of Cronstadt and sheltered under inland defensive works.

—A NAVAL officer just returned from Turkey states that if the British fleet had proceeded to Constantinople when first ordered there, it might possibly have had hard work to fight its way out again. The Russians were within a few miles of Gallipoli, and if, either with or without the connivance of Turkey, they had gained possession of the forts commanding the Dardanelles, they might have used the 40-ton Krupp guns which are in them with serious effect, leaving out of the question the use of torpedoes which have been put to it. It would have afforded a startling piece of intelligence if the British fleet had been caught in a trap.

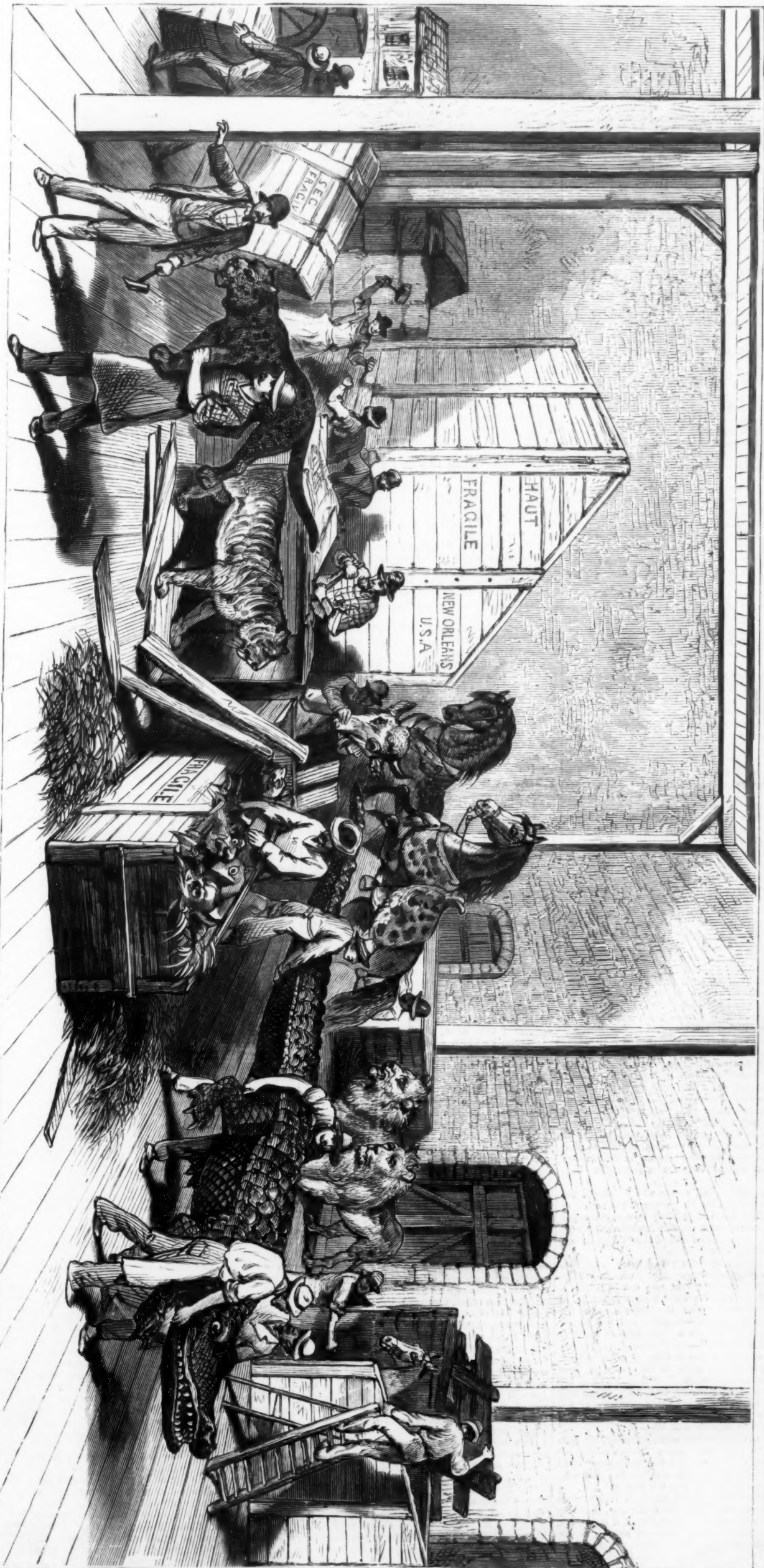
—THE French want to be very civil to foreign artists during the Exhibition, and they do not quite know how to do it. M. Bardoux proposed that they should play the great dramatic works of other countries in French at the subventioned theatres—in other words, offer the Newcastle man *en voyage* a specimen of native coal hewn by a foreign pick. This was objected to, but the Ministers persevered, and it has now been decided that foreign companies shall be invited to play their own pieces in their own tongues, with the promise of a subvention to cover the costs. It is well meant, but utterly impracticable, or worse. It may bring Mr. Vincent Crummies and his talented troupe to Paris, but for them to get a hearing the subvention would have to be extended to the people in front of the curtain.



ASSORTING AT ALABAMA'S COSTUME DEPOT, ON CAMP STREET, THE COSTUMES RECENTLY RECEIVED FROM PARIS.



CONSTRUCTING AND DECORATING THE FLOATS, FOR THE PROCESSION, IN A COTTON PRESS ON CAMP STREET.
LOUISIANA.—THE MYSTIC KREWE OF KONUS—PREPARATIONS, IN NEW ORLEANS, FOR THE MARDI-GRAS MASQUERADE PROCESSION OF MARCH 5TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 26.



UNPACKING, IN A COTTON PRESS, THE PAPER MACHE ANIMALS FROM PARIS, TO BE USED IN THE PROCESSION.



FIAT JUSTITIA.

YES, all is ended now, for I have weighed thee—
Weighed the light love that has been held so dear—
Weighed word, and look, and smile that have betrayed thee,
The careless grace that was not worth a tear.

Holding these scales, I marvel at the anguish
For thing so slight that long my heart has torn—
For God's great sun the prisoner's eyes might languish,
Not for a torch by some chance passer borne.

I do not blame thee for thy heedless playing
On the strong chords whose answer was so full—
Do children care, through daisied meadows straying,
What hap befalls the blossoms that they pull?

Go on, gay trifer! Take thy childish pleasure—
On thee, for thee, may Summer always shine—
Too stern were Justice should she seek to measure
Thy fateful love by the strong pain of mine.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND
"KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT a glorious day it is!" cried Rachel, as she sprang lightly into Miss Russell's brougham to be driven with her to the palace. "I was terribly afraid this morning that it was going to be wet."

The girl was looking so bright and pretty, with her hair drawn back over her little ears, and dressed in a moderate chignon behind, and with a snood of blue ribbon tied in a coquettish bow at one side. The white dress had been smoothed out, and looked as crisp as possible, and there was a blue ribbon to match the snood about her rounded waist, while a broad-leaved Leghorn hat, simply trimmed with black velvet, replaced the fast little "sailor" in which she was wont to appear. Altogether she looked charming, and she felt charming, too, which goes a long way in making people do what they seem.

"Was it not nice of Aunt Conway to give me this new hat?" she said. "I really think she is beginning to get fond of me! But I know what it is all about," she added, laughing; "the bishop's new curate paid us two visits within a week, and I know she thinks he has fallen in love with me!"

"And supposing he has been weak enough to do so," said Miss Russell, with a fond look at the bright happy face beside her, "curates are not generally considered prizes, are they?"

"Oh, but Mr. Ruthven is a prize curate! His father is a great 'swell,' and very rich, they say. Only fancy, Aunt Conway has been making me learn Handel, because St. James as I call him—his name is James—is mad about music. He doesn't look musical; but Mr. Vaughan does. Don't you think he has a singing face, granny?"

"How do you intend to manage between him and the curate?" asked Miss Russell, slyly. "It is a regular case of 'sword and gown.'"

"I know which I like best," laughed Rachel. "But here we are at last, and not the first to arrive either. Oh, how nice the girls look! And Nanette has a hat like mine."

There were a great many people scattered over the pretty grounds, which, partly shadowed by the old cathedral, were attached to the Episcopal Palace, but the croquet had not, properly speaking, begun. Some of the young ladies and gentlemen were walking about with mallets in their hands, and others stood in groups at the starting-sticks, but no one thought of beginning to play, for "the officers" had not yet made their appearance. But the Misses Bishop were beginning to fear that they could not be waited for much longer.

Miss Russell and Rachel made their way to where Mrs. Bishop sat with the dean's wife beside her. They were not very fond of each other, those two, but somehow they always got together. The bishop was standing near his wife, evidently talking "shop" to a young man with a high black waistcoat, and a snowy tie above it.

"St. James," whispered Rachel to her companion as they came up. "He is High Church, you know, and a great pet of the bishop's."

But the bishop's pet did not remain talking to the bishop, when he saw who had stopped at Mrs. Bishop's chair. He came forward at once, shook hands with Rachel and was introduced to Miss Russell.

Then seeing no good reason why he should not have a pretty girl for his partner at the match of croquet which was at last being formed, he asked Rachel if she would play, and Rachel said "with pleasure," although she wished that Vaughan had arrived in time to ask her first.

"He is such a superior young man," said Mrs. Bishop, confidentially, to Mrs. Dean and Miss Russell, when Mr. Ruthven was out of hearing. "The bishop considers himself most fortunate to get him into the diocese. His father is one of the richest commoners in—shire, and his family are charming. We saw a great deal of them in London this season"—her "season" in London was the one great gun in Mrs. Bishop's battery, and she was always firing it off—"and he went about with us everywhere." She did not add her belief that Mr. Ruthven had been apparently greatly "taken" with her eldest daughter, or her hope that he would begin where he left off, now that they were all settled at W—.

It was not a promising sign, certainly, his having walked away with pretty Rachel Scott; but when Mrs. Bishop remembered the many "quiet evenings" she intended to ask him to spend with "just themselves," she was not uneasy.

Meanwhile the croquet began in real earnest. Miss Bishop, otherwise Miss Rokeby, and her partner—a very young ensign, who had not waited for his brother officers, but had arrived at the Palace punctually at three o'clock, and had expiated his offense by an hour's examination of the photographic albums in the lonely drawing-room—

played against the curate and his at one set of hoops. Miss Rokeby felt a little aggrieved at the curate's desertion, especially as he could not help remembering certain little passages of a decidedly tender nature which had passed between them in London. He really had been very attentive in escorting her to oratorios and flower-shows, so I fear that curates are not more constant than other men. But she was a good-natured girl, and when she, too, remembered "quiet evenings" with "just ourselves," she cherished no anger against Rachel, who was chatting and laughing gayly, and forgetting that there was such a man as Vaughan in the world, until, looking up suddenly to ask Mr. Ruthven what she should do next, she saw Harry, with three or four of his brother officers, standing at a little distance watching her. She caught his eyes, smiled and bowed.

"Is that her?" asked Franklin, when he saw Vaughan take off his hat. "So she's not a rosy-cheeked rustic, but an accredited member of the ecclesiastical set. I say, Harry, old fellow, I would not let that sky pilot have a walk over if I were you. I think he looks spooney already. By Jove, if I'm ever in Parliament, which is not likely, I'll bring in a Bill for the suppression of curates; they marry all the pretty women, and they are such awful prigs!"

"He's no prig," replied Harry, and it was very magnanimous of him to say so much in Mr. Ruthven's favor, for he was anything but pleased at the way in which the young clergyman was looking at Rachel just at the moment. "I know him very well; he was at Oxford with me, and he is a capital fellow; I'll go and speak to him. I say, you don't remember me, Ruthven," he added, going up to where the curate and Rachel stood chatting together, their turn being over for the present—"Vaughan, of Magdalen—many a pleasant day we've had together."

"Ah, Vaughan! to be sure I remember you. I'm very glad to see you, old fellow. What brings you to W—? Oh, you're in the—th, I suppose? And how are your sisters? I remember them all at the Commemoration the year you left. What jolly days we had then! I'm surprised you knew me."

"Oh, I knew you at once, in spite of that ponderous beard"—ponderous was a way the—th had invented of pronouncing "ponderous," and they used the coinage upon all occasions without caring whether they were understood or not. "Miss Scott, do you approve of clergymen wearing beards?"

"I never thought much about it," said Rachel. "I believe it's good for the throat, or something, is it not Mr. Ruthven?"

"Oh, yes, it is a famous thing for our throats," replied Mr. Ruthven. "My turn, did you say, Miss Rokeby? I'm ready," and away he went to find his ball, and Vaughan and Rachel were left together.

"Of course you delight in croquet, Miss Scott? All young ladies do," Harry began. "Indeed, I don't know what you all did before it was invented."

"It's older than I am, so I don't know," answered Rachel, pertly. "Oh, Mr. Ruthven, not there, if you please; you'll ruin everything." And she hurried away to prevent the curate from sending a ball in a wrong direction.

Harry felt aggrieved, and walked away to find his hostess, and with her he found Miss Russell, and she introduced him to some pretty girls, and he presently began to enjoy himself accordingly, although that "little Scott girl," as he called Rachel, had thrown him over for the curate.

But the curate was not Harry's only rival that day. When the match of croquet was over, and Rachel was standing discussing the merits of the game with the other players, she was conscious that a pair of dark-brown, melancholy eyes were fixed upon her with a glance of evident admiration. The owner of the eyes was a handsome man of about three or four-and-thirty—a really handsome man, with the most perfect features that could well be imagined; he had a tall, slight figure, and he was remarkably well dressed, and he had, as Rachel discovered soon after, a low, insinuating voice. Altogether he was a most dangerous creature, far more dangerous, in my opinion, than Harry Vaughan; for, instead of Harry's bright, frank manner, he had a dreamy and melancholy way of speaking, which immediately gave the impression that there was a hopeless blight of some kind upon him. Of course that manner of his was successful only with women; men saw through it at once, and laughed at it for a clever "dodge," but women began by pitying him, and ended by well, they generally ended by falling in love with him, which was to be regretted, for he did not fall in love with them in return.

Besides his many fascinations of person and manner, he had a position, and every one knows what a trump card position is. He was the Hon. Reginald Fairfax, eldest son of Lord Wimburne, of Wimburne Priory, near W—, one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the shire. A good catch in every sense of the word, and as such, of course, caressed and flattered and made much of; all which attentions he received in the most condescending manner, just as if he considered them simply his due. And now having "done" the London season, having flirted openly with "fast" Lady Sarah in the park, and at the Opera, and having gazed with those tender, beseeching eyes of his at gentle Lady Lucy across the breadth of a crowded ballroom, until she blushed and trembled with a vague pleasure, he had come down to rusticate at Wimburne, and, not having anything particular to do, he thought a flirtation with pretty, innocent little Rachel Scott would be a very charming pastime indeed.

It would have been all very well, if languishing glances and soft words to highborn beauties were the only sins which could be laid to the charge of Mr. Fairfax; but there was another and a heavier one. During his gallop in the ride every morning during the Summer, which was just now over, he used to see a pretty little figure hurrying along, always at the same hour, and always in the same direction. The little figure was poorly, but neatly dressed—a governess, evidently—on her way to her daily routine of hard work.

Mr. Fairfax after a while began to watch for her,

and he would have given a great deal for an excuse to speak to her. He more than once thought of pretending to ride over her at a crossing, that he might be obliged to stop and beg her pardon. But fortune favored him, as she often does favor such men as he. Just as he was passing her one day—perhaps the admiring gaze which the girl caught from those dark, melancholy brown eyes, was too much for her—she let fall a roll of music which she was carrying, and he sprang from his horse and picked it up, literally before she could stoop for it herself. Of course, she had to thank him, and for the first time he got a satisfactory view of the pretty young face, with its full hazel eyes, and its framework of soft brown hair; and, equally of course, he did not remount his "prancing steed"—the Park hack was a "prancing steed" to the foolish girl, whose ideas were all borrowed from third-rate novels—but walked by her side, talking, she thought, as the "Giacour," or the "Corsair" would have talked, until they reached a point beyond which, for cogent reasons, he did not choose to go; and then he shook hands, and he held hers in its shabby, but well-fitting glove, while he assured her that his slight service was more than repaid by the pleasure of her acquaintance, and she believed him, and the melancholy brown eyes came between her and the dull routine with her pupils on that day, and for many a day afterwards.

I am sorry to have to tell it, but it was in the end the saddest version of the old old story. She was not ill-principled, poor girl; she was only very weak, and fairly bewitched by the tempter with the dark-brown eyes. It was very pleasant for him to see the soft light coming into her face at his approach, and to watch how, one by one, her doubts and scruples vanished beneath his sophistries, and—well, at length the ranks of daily governesses were thinned by one, and that one, under the name of Mrs. Villiers, took possession of a pretty villa at Richmond.

Mrs. Villiers knew nothing whatever about Reginald, except that he was handsome, rich, generous, and apparently devoted to her. She believed that Villiers was his name, and she firmly believed him when he swore that he would marry her when he was his own master.

And now you know more about Mr. Fairfax than did any of the bishop's guests—I mean the lady guests—to whom he, Mr. Fairfax, made himself so agreeable that August afternoon. But Rachel Scott had attracted him, and to Rachel Scott he must be introduced.

But he did not rashly commit himself by asking any one "who that pretty girl was?" He merely sauntered up to the second Miss Rokeby, who was not playing croquet, and asked "who the young lady was who seemed bent upon roqueting—didn't they call that knocking of the balls about roqueting?—everybody so unmercifully?" and when he heard the name Scott, he remembered a fact which would almost give him the claim of old acquaintance with the girl whom he admired. Her aunt, Miss Conway, and his mother were very old and intimate friends, and as a child Rachel had often spent a day at Wimburne Priory with his sisters. So by-and-by he went up to her, took off his hat, and claimed acquaintance with her in the most graceful manner, and Rachel, pleased and flattered at the goodness of his memory, blushed very prettily, and felt quite penitent at the badness of her own, when Mr. Fairfax told her how well he remembered the happy days they had all spent together as children.

Then he must find his mother and sisters. They had all been abroad for so long, that they were almost strangers in W—, but he hoped they would all be very intimate now. So Lady Wimburne and the girls were found, and the former, a good-natured, kind-hearted woman, kissed Rachel at once, and told her that she was charmed to see her, and the girls shook hands with her, and wondered how it was that she was so pretty, and stylish-looking when she had always lived in the country.

With great satisfaction to himself Mr. Fairfax would, if possible, have induced Rachel to forego any more croquet that afternoon, and to stroll with him instead, up and down one of the shady walks which abounded in the Palace pleasure grounds, but Rachel, not caring for a tête-à-tête with a man with whom she was not yet quite at her ease, said she was not in the least tired of croquet, and just at the moment Harry Vaughan came up and asked her to play with him. She hesitated, but Fairfax did not. He hated croquet mortally, but he had no idea of seeing the girl whom he had singled out for his own special amusement carried off by that "tremendous young warrior," as he mentally styled Vaughan; so he said, "Miss Scott has honored me by selecting me for her partner," and giving her his arm, he turned to the croquet ground, leaving Harry very well inclined to knock him down.

"Your young Hercules looks injured," Reginald continued, with a scarcely perceptible pressure of the little gray-gloved hand upon his arm, "but I think I can endure even his enmity rather than give you up."

"I suppose he did not think you looked like a croquet-player," Rachel returned, feeling rather aggrieved on Vaughan's account, but wonderfully flattered upon her own. "Which ball will you have? I have got white."

"I shall have blue. I like blue in everything," he said, looking into Rachel's violet eyes with a wistful melancholy glance, which made her long to ask him why he looked so sad. And so it went on, and by the time the game was finished, Rachel no longer made any objection to walk up and down one of the shady walks with her partner, and presently they sat down to rest upon one of the rustic seats out of sight of those dreadfully energetic people, as he called the apparently indefatigable croquet-players.

There was always music at the Palace after the "high tea," which followed the croquet on the lawn; so when the party came out of the dining-room, having partaken of the good things provided for them, the Misses Rokeby sat down to the grand piano, and performed an Italian duet. It is very much to be hoped that none of the good churchmen present understood the soft Southern tongue, or they must have been horrified at the

strong language that issued from the lips of the fair vocalists; but as Miss Betty Fudge says, "Things do not sound half so naughty in French."

Then Mr. Ruthven sat down, and sang, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and Miss Rokeby as she looked at and listened to him, again thought of certain passages which had taken place in London, and felt a thrill of pleasure. I hope there is nothing wrong in saying this. Why should not bishops' daughters feel happy when handsome young men who have spoken soft words to them sing sweet songs?

Rachel, who was sitting rather away from the group round the piano, listening with intense pleasure to every note, was next called upon, and she obeyed the call at once. The song she chose was Schubert's exquisite "Passing Bell," which she sang and played as she alone, in that room, could have done. When the first notes of her magnificent voice were heard, every other voice became mute, while many actually held their breath to listen; and when she ceased, and the last chords were dying away, there was still silence for a moment, then rapturous applause.

Poor Rachel was almost overpowered. She had forgotten her audience altogether, and now they were crowding about her, begging for just one more.

"What shall I sing?" she asked, half laughing at their importunity.

"Anything you please," they said. "Will you sing something to please me?" said a voice she had missed in the general approbation, and Fairfax placed a book upon the desk before her. "I cannot even try to tell you now what I think of your song," he whispered, as he fumbled very unnecessarily with the little brass hooks which kept the leaves of the music steady.

The song he had selected was Moore's "Last Rose of Summer," and if Rachel's rich voice and perfect taste had done justice to the difficult German music, her rendering of the simple Irish melody was absolute perfection.

When she rose from the piano, blushing and confused with the praises which were lavished upon her, Fairfax offered her his arm to lead her back to her seat, or to a seat rather, for he took her quite to the other end of the long drawing-room, and then more duets, and more solos followed, and no one, except perhaps Miss Russell, remarked that Fairfax drew a low chair to Rachel's side, and remained talking to her for the rest of the evening.

Yes, and he talked to her as no man had ever talked to her before, and ever and anon the dark melancholy eyes rested upon her face, as though they were world-weary, and that to look at her was peace. He talked to her of music, and praised her voice and her singing with the most subtle flattery; then he drew her on to speak of herself, and listened with profound attention to her innocent chatter about her school-days and her school-friends. Then he spoke of himself, told her of his life—it was a mere fancy sketch, of course—which he called "vapid and aimless," and when he had maundered on for a long time, he suddenly pulled up, wondering why he had been tempted to tell to her what he had never cared to tell to any one before! It must be because she had been his little child-friend long ago, and he hoped she would be his woman-friend now. "Would she take pity on him sometimes and 'charm away the evil spirit' by singing?" And Rachel allowed him to take her little hand, and pitied him from the bottom of her foolish loving heart, for having an "evil spirit," and it never occurred to her that the demon might be a myth, nor did she hear Vaughan singing in a sweet, well-trained tenor, to his own accompaniment, "When Other Lips, and Other Hearts."

And then it was time to go away, and Rachel wished, as so many of us have wished before her turn came, that pleasant days would never end, and, as Fairfax drove back to Wimburne Priory with his mother and sisters, he smiled to himself over the new conquest he had made.

(To be continued.)

MARDI-GRAS.

THE MYSTIK KREWE OF KOMUS IN NEW ORLEANS.

CARNI VALE! Farewell to meat. The days of sackcloth and ashes are at hand, but ere the purple shadow of the forty days of Lent descends upon the semi-French city of New Orleans, the good citizens and true resolve to bid farewell to all "the vanities" by one mad burst of exquisite fooling. Much dispute exists as to the origin of the Mardi-Gras mummery, but it has probably come down from the Saturnalia of Pagan Rome, modified by the early Christians into a feast upon the eve of that great fast, which is generally supposed to have been instituted by Telesphorus, Bishop of Rome, before the middle of the second century. Paris is the shrine of the Mardi-Gras, which is marked by a wondrous procession, the fat and gayly decorated ox being the central figure, preceded by a band of music and accompanied by a numerous train of fantastically attired butchers, and by masked and fancy balls, the first having been permitted by the regent Duke of Orleans. In no city outside of Paris or of Rome has the Carnival attained such a success as in New Orleans, the preparations for its Shrove Tuesday being conducted upon a scale utterly unsuspected by those who are not initiated, while not only weeks, but months—nay, years, are spent in "toning up," the rehearsals being as frequent and prolonged as those attendant upon the production of one of the comedies of Dumas at the Theatre Francaise.

The heart of Monsieur Grangé, of the Boulevard Magenta, Paris, bounds with ecstasy beneath his faultless white waistcoat when the order for the "Mystik Krewe of Komus" comes in from New Orleans for fancy dresses for the Mardi-Gras. "Dese Americans do fling about de dollare," is his exclamation, "so give dem de value de best."

For many months before the "exquisite fooling" is Monsieur Grangé let into the secret, and for many months are his experts employed in turning out gorgeous apparel, quaint dresses, hideous masks, and every description of bird and beast, diluvian antediluvian—including the much and long sought for "missing link"—extra hands are employed, and so great is the preparation necessary for the due

fulfillment of the ideas of the Mystiks, that special artists are "put" upon an order which Monsieur Grangé values as the apple of his eye.

It is a strange and *bizarre* sight to enter his famous warehouse and penetrate within the regions devoted to Mardi-Gras—"Ogres to the right of us; ogres to the left of us; ogres in front of us." Upon a series of counters repose the heads of elderly ladies of the Old Mother Goose character; heads of pigs surmounted by infantry shakos; heads of demons, of warriors, of skeletons, the torsos of cows, of sheep, of dogs. On the floor the visage of Old King Cole greets us with a facetious wink, a grin, and a mustache like that of the late King of Italy. Around the room are a bevy of sparkling French girls, chattering away like sewing-machines, or sparrows in a farm-yard, engaged in preparing a brave array of gold and silver tissue, of gaberines, jenkins, baldricks, scarfs, and showy raiment of every conceivable description and of every age, from that of—well, leaf-aprons, to the more caressing garments of the fag-end of the nineteenth century. Monsieur Grangé's foreman flits around the room, criticising this, shrugging his shoulders at that, tearing his hair at something else. He is an excitable man, is this trusted official; but who would not become excited over the great American order—the order from that country where the dollar is as "the little piece of ten centimes." "Milletonnerres," cries Monsieur Grangé. "De l'indian—pardon—de l'American know how to do it. He spare no expense. He say to me, 'Grangé, you go right along, and I go along. Ma foi! I go along. Ha, ha, ha, and dey go along too.'"

The articles turned out for this merry-making are simply superb. The costumes magnificent, every detail being so accurate as to defy the barb of the most captious critic. The brocade is worthy of the days of Julie de Mortimare; the apparel fit to grace the presence of a Spanish king; the swords worthy of Bilboa or Toledo; tinsel is shamed by the solidity of the workmanship; and, if anything, the costumes are too costly for the mere "mistakes of a night."

"The Mystik Krewe of Komus," for such is their title, and such the orthography, care not for expense. They want the thing done well—extravagantly well; and, as money can do everything, money fulfills its mission on their behalf by that which is demanded of it—namely, success. The Mardi-Gras at New Orleans is refined, aesthetic. It is not a mere display of tomfoolery and tinsel. There is method in its madness. Its procession is one of the sights of the world, and travelers hie to this Paris of the South from all distant States of the Union in order to "stare their fill" at the rare and radiant pageantry. When Monsieur Grangé has completed his order, he ships his precious cargo to New Orleans, to the care of M. Alaban, the famous costumier, who gives a last and polished touch to such of the masks or dresses as may have come to him from over the sea.

The sight at the dock and in the store-houses during the unloading of the enormous cases is *bizarre* in the extreme. It would seem as though the flood had just subsided and the animals were being released from the confinement of the ark. Lions, tigers, crocodiles, horses, oxen, start from their pens, bearing all the semblance of the rude and real, and the exclamations of wonder, delight and terror of the colored gentlemen who aid in "decanting them" are not the least diverting portion of the entertainment. Some of the cases, especially those containing elephants or giraffes, are considerably larger than the shanties where the "darkies" live, move and have their being, and the intense curiosity to discover the secrets of these prison-houses borders upon the delirious. At Alaban's all is excitement and bustle. The *vim* of the Boulevard Magenta is transferred to Camp Street, in the vast warerooms of which a bevy of maidens, fairer than their sisters of France, busy themselves in fitting, adjusting and otherwise preparing for the great event of the year.

The Mystik Krewe of Komus being pledged to secrecy, keep their secret right royally. Outside that select grand knot, no man or woman knows what is going to happen. Speculation is rife, and expectation not only upon high heels, but on tip-toe.

Upon Canal Street—one of the finest avenues in the world—stands the statue of Henry Clay. At sundown the statue of Henry Clay becomes a centre towards which those who are about to take part in the procession mysteriously gravitate. No persons know from whence they come. They spring up like mushrooms out of the earth. From north, south, east and west, from above and below, each masker takes up his position noiselessly, and with a mathematical precision. The rank and file fall in and the procession is formed as though it had invisibly existed, and had become vitalized and visible through the stroke of an enchanter's wand. Onwards it marches in glittering array—onward to the Varieties Theatre, admission to which is denied all save the *crème de la crème* of society. The theatre is one vast sheen and dazzle of bright, gorgeous color, flowers, diamonds, and the rank, beauty and fashion of the country. The pageant is performed, and at a given signal the dance commences. Then do the Mystik Krewe of Komus mysteriously disappear, departing as they came, in mystery and in silence.

CURIOUS SYCAMORE NEAR CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.

WITHIN a few miles from the prosperous town of Chester, S. C., there is a curious sycamore tree, which shades the bank of a small stream near the line of the Cheraw and Chester Railroad. It consists of a main or parent trunk, but from the far-reaching roots a slighter trunk has reared itself on each side until the foliage of the three has become intermingled. One of these shoots, by some singular action, is united to the main tree by a ligament, somewhat similar to that which joined the Siamese twins. The distance from the upper part of the root to the lower part of the tie is eight feet. A slight knob appears on the outer surface of the small trunk at the junction of the ligament, and is the only interruption in the perpendicular line displayed from the root to the branches. The veteran and twins are in a perfectly sound condition. But few people, even among those living in the immediate vicinity, know anything about the tree, its discovery having been made quite recently by R. J. Latta, chief engineer of the railroad company.

The Color of the Hair.

THE varieties of color which characterize the hair of different nations are interesting to note. The complexion, which sympathizes with the color of the hair, or, rather, with which the color of the hair sympathizes, depends much on accidental circumstances—a florid complexion, for instance, being usually the result of healthfulness of employment and

wholesome food. In the South of England the hair is usually darker than in the midland counties, and, again, in Lancashire and Yorkshire it is principally of a handsome brown. The females of Lancashire are especially celebrated for the beauty of their eyes and hair. The Highlanders of Scotland are generally brown-haired, but in some districts rather sandy. "Partington's Encyclopedia" says: "They are seldom bald-headed, and in this respect differ from the Lowlanders, whose hair is usually more scanty." Amongst the Irish peasantry the hair is generally dark, and in some districts particularly black, especially about Roscrea and its vicinity. "This character," observes the authority just quoted, "may be noticed to prevail throughout a great portion of the South of Ireland." The distinguishing trait of the Irish peasantry is the low eyelash, which is particularly dark and thick, more so than among other people, except the natives of Savoy. In Normandy not a trace of the red hair, supposed by some to belong to the early Norman physiognomy, is now seen. In Burgundy the light-brown hair and gray eyes have succeeded to the asserted rutilous character of its ancient conquerors. The prevailing colors of hair in France are, however, dark-brown and black. The German peasantry are a fair-complexioned, gray-eyed race, with hair of some shade of brown, in some districts flaxen or yellowish, but very seldom red. The Spaniards and Italians are famous for their black hair, but that of the former is often coarse, while that of the latter is silky and beautifully glossy.

Early English Huntsmen.

THE discovery of bows and arrows, and also the remains of apparently favorite hunting dogs in the burial places of the early Celts, seems to prove the war that was waged against the wild animals which infested the wide British forests, as well as with the object of obtaining food. History also tells that it became a pleasurable pursuit with the early chiefs, nobles, and kings. The country at that date was filled with such animals as the wolf, bear, boar, wild cattle, as well as the deer, wild swine, goats, etc., which afforded objects of chase. The wolf, it is well known, was once very common in England. The month of January was by the Anglo-Saxons called Wolf-monat, as, according to an old writer, "people are wont always in that month to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season else of the year." This animal was looked upon as a type of courage and ferocity, and, as implying those qualities which in those days were so highly esteemed, it was frequently adopted as a name. Thus we find *Ethelwolf*, the noble wolf; *Bertholf*, the illustrious wolf, etc. Great pains were taken to exterminate this dangerous and destructive animal, which appears to have been first taken in hand by King Edgar, who commuted the Welsh tribute from gold and silver to three hundred wolves' heads. Edward the First, too, gave rewards for their destruction, and, according to Camden, lands were held by some persons on the tenure of hunting and killing them. The wild boar was no less ardently pursued. In connection with the boar was an old superstition that its tusks were hot, and burned anything which they touched. The heat of its teeth was said to inflame any wounds he made, and burn the hair of the dogs. Although the hare was hunted by the ancient Greeks, it was some time before it became an object of chase with our forefathers, by whom it was considered unclean and unfit to eat. Caesar mentions the great numbers of these animals which he found in Britain. In early times the fox, whose thieving character had already obtained for him a bad name, was trapped, dug out, speared, or attacked with clubs and arrows, and it was not till long after that he obtained the distinction of being chased in the modern style.

Day Dreams.

DAY dreams are sometimes defended on the ground that, if useless, they are at least harmless; that if they confer no benefit, they inflict no injury. This, however, cannot be the case. Nothing occupies so neutral a position. Uselessness is of itself an injury, but, besides this, the habit of idle reverie produces positive evils. Valuable time is wasted, energy is frittered away, the mind is enfeebled, the activities are discouraged, the present actual life is rendered tame and insipid. When a youth acquires the habit of brooding over a possible manhood, full of power and honor, with wealth to supply every desire, and a name that is to command the homage of all, with friends to exult in his prosperity, and acquaintances to be proud of his notice—when he pictures to himself how meekly he will bear his honors, how widely he will exert his influence, how judiciously he will expend his riches, how liberally he will scatter his charities, he is positively unfitting himself for present duty, and rendering any attainment of his dreams an utter impossibility. He awakes from such a reverie only to contrast it bitterly with his actual condition, and to experience a sickening disgust with real life and its slow, prosaic, up-hill course. These gay visions have danced before him in all their brilliancy, but have given him no glimpse of the toil, the self-denial, the patience, the perseverance, the struggles that can alone lead to their fulfillment or make it even a possibility. Thus they sow the seeds of their own failure, and inflict hopeless and repeated disappointments. Far different is the action of a wisely cultured imagination. The reason and will-power have not abdicated in its favor, but gladly welcomed it into their counsels. The energies are not laid aside and weakened, but called forth into continual action. The pictures drawn are not those of exaggerated fancy, but of practical attainment. There is no painful and irksome return to real life, for its conceptions are those of truth, and such as a noble and laborious life may realize. The chief difference, however, is that the day dream pictures only pleasure without effort, while the true imagination ever connects the two. Thus, while one gives us falsely colored views of life, and leaves us powerless and discouraged, the other gently leads us upwards, and teaches us how, through energy and toil, self-denial and patience, to win whatever is really worth desiring.

The Garrison of Paris During the Exposition.

AMONG other preparations which are being made in Paris for the approaching Exhibition, the barracks of the troops forming the garrison of the capital are being cleaned, painted and embellished. Of these barracks there are in Paris itself no fewer than twenty-eight, without including those in the banlieue at, for instance, Courbevoie, St. Cloud, Rueil and Vincennes. The Napoleon barracks, covering an area of 8,000 square metres, and having accommodation for 2,000 infantry, and the barracks of the Guard of Paris, the former begun in 1850 and the latter in 1859, are both close to the

Hotel de Ville, and protect it against attack; the Barracks des Petits Peres, situated between the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires and the Rue de la Harque, built in 1850, are occupied by two companies of the Guard of Paris; the Barracks of Prince Eugene, completed twenty-three years ago, are situated at the end of the Rue de Bondy, and form one of the sides of the Place du Château d'Eau. The largest of all the barracks in Paris is that of the Ecole Militaire, in which 5,800 men and 800 horses can be quartered. Altogether it is calculated, a garrison of over 50,000 men could be easily accommodated in the permanent barracks of Paris and in the detached forts which surround the town.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Balaful and the Sun.—As there is a strong probability that rainfall and cyclones have an intimate connection with the condition of the sun, it is manifestly desirable that the exact truth of this should be ascertained, and Mr. Balfour Stewart has published a letter briefly summing up the condition of the inquiry and urging measures of a regular and extended nature to be taken to further research in solar physics.

Telegraphy in Europe.—Last year there was expended for telegrams in the countries of Europe \$15,400,000, at an average of thirty-two cents per message. In this expenditure Great Britain led the list with nearly forty-three per cent. of the whole; France came next with about twenty-two per cent.; Germany, eighteen per cent.; no other country exceeded four per cent. The length of wires in Great Britain very slightly exceeds that of Germany, and is nearly a fourth more than France; in this particular Switzerland takes the lead of the smaller European States.

Hogs with Undivided Hoofs.—A communication to *Forest and Stream* describes a recent discovery of Professor Cope in Western Texas. He has brought back the skin and skeleton of one of a breed of hogs raised there whose hoofs are not divided. The breed was raised from a single hog which unexpectedly was found to have this characteristic. The Jesuits of Lake Superior decided that the beaver was a fish, and could be eaten in Lent; perhaps the Jews will be equally lenient towards this new hog, as he does not come within the Levitical specification of unclean animals.

Magneto-electric Machines.—Professor Tyndall and Mr. J. Douglass have made extensive experiments to ascertain the comparative value of Holmes's, Gramme's and Siemens's magneto-electric machines for lighthouse purposes, and have reported to the Lighthouse Board in favor of Siemens's small machine. This machine was exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, where it received the highest award from the jury. The use of electricity for lighthouses and public grounds is gradually extending in England, but in the United States our Lighthouse Board have feared to introduce the innovation.

The United States Locust Commission.—The United States Commission which was organized for the purpose of investigating the subject of insect ravages in the West, and of devising a remedy for the evil, has finished its field labors for the year. They have prepared a report of about five hundred pages which will be ready for distribution early enough in the Spring to enable farmers to profit by the suggestions contained in it. A part of the work is written in popular style, and is designed mainly for the use of farmers; this will be followed by documents of a more purely scientific nature. Dr. Packard will write on anatomy and embryology; Professor Riley on the natural history of locusts, and Professor Thomas on classification.

Refraction of Sound.—The analogy between light and sound is becoming more apparent the further we investigate the subject. A new experiment in England shows that sound can be refracted in the same manner as light. Lenses have been constructed formed of collodion or gold-beater's skin, and including carbonic acid. They are described as double-convex lenses. In the focus of such a lens the ticking of a watch at a certain distance can be heard that is inaudible when the lens is withdrawn. It is probable that we shall some day be able to determine accurately the direction from whence a sound proceeds as well as measure its distance. In going to the corner of a street to take the horse-cars we hear the jingle of the bells, but cannot tell in which direction the car is moving. In the case of light there is usually a shadow to afford some clue to the direction; but sound shadows are invisible.

New Fossil Fishes.—Professor J. S. Newberry, during the past Summer, collected a large number of fishes for the museum of the School of Mines of Columbia College, which have received names scarcely less terrible than the monsters themselves. Among the number are the *Dinichthys*, from the Huron Shale, Upper Devonian, of Ohio; and the jaw of a large fish of the same family, but forming a new genus, called *Diplognathus*. The peculiarity of these creatures was the unusual shape of their teeth. The extremities of the mandibles diverge from the place of junction, forming a fork which is armed with a double row of large, acute, incurved teeth, one row being continuous with that of the mandible; the other row runs from the point to the junction, a structure hitherto unknown in the animal kingdom. The modern shark would stand a poor chance in a conflict with such monsters.

A New Mineral.—A niobate has been discovered by Professor J. W. Mallet, among some alluvial found in Amherst County, Virginia, on the northwest slope of Little Friar Mountain. Carrying out the idea of Heinrich Rose, which led him to name niobium from the daughter of Tanialus, and remembering the number and complexity of the natural niobates which have been met with, Professor Mallet proposes for this species the name of *syphyite*, from Siphylus, one of the numerous children of Niobe. This nomenclature is all very well if it were not founded on an original error of Heinrich Rose, who rechristened an element with the name of Niobium which had already been baptized as Columbium. As columbium was deprived of its name without due authority, many chemists are in favor of reinstating it, and in that case niobium will be pronounced illegitimate, and the right of descent will be restored to columbium.

Observations on Mars.—The series of observations made by Professor Hall on the moons of Mars was ended in November last, the planet having then receded to a distance at which they are becoming invisible, even with the twenty-eight-inch refractor. The next opportunity to see them will not be until 1879, but it will not then be so favorable as during the past season. Professor Hall has made good use of his time, and has secured fifty-one observations of the outer and forty-six of the inner satellites. It is worthy of notice that the prophetic genius of Homer has not only identified but even given names to the two satellites of Mars. In the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*, where Ares is preparing to descend to the earth, the passage has been rendered by Pope:

"With that he gives command to Fear (Deimos) and Flight (Phobos)
To join his rapid courses for the fight."

Professor Hall has very properly decided to accept the authority of Homer, and to call the satellites of Mars Deimos and Phobos.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALL the Popes have been Italians since the election of Adrian VI., of Utrecht, in 1522.

MISSIONARIES have never drawn a female figure, and would never allow the model of one in his studio.

SIR PETER COATS, the great spool-cotton manufacturer, is visiting New Orleans in company with his daughter.

SECRETARY EVARTS will give a large ball and reception in the Department of State building immediately after Lent.

PRINCE CHARLES of Roumania has offered a prize of 1,000 francs for the best history of the Turco-Roumanian war.

PROFESSOR M. G. FARNE's resignation has not been accepted, and an effort will be made to induce him to remain as instructor of electricity at the Newport torpedo station.

LITOLIF, the musician, is very thin. Of him the late M. Barrère said: "Loan! Why I never see him arise with his baton but I ask which is going to beat time with the other."

THE Rev. Newman Hall, well known in America, is one of the most important and persistent opponents of Lord Beaconsfield's anti-Russian policy. He both preaches and writes against it.

PRESIDENT HAYES has accepted an invitation to visit Chester, Pa., at a day not yet fixed, to witness the launching of one of the new iron steamships there building for the Brazilian steamship line.

MR. WILLIAM C. GOODLOE, the new Minister to Belgium, is a rich, influential Kentuckian. He has been Chairman of the State Republican Committee, and for a long time has been a State Senator from the Lexington district.

THE Emperor of Russia's devotion to family ties may, it is feared by his advisers, lead him to entertain more favorably than they desire the claims put forward by Greece, whose queen, a daughter of the influential Grand Duke Constantine, is the Czar's niece.

THE publisher of Victor Hugo's *Chansons des rues et des bois* and of his *L'Homme qui rit* has become bankrupt. Before the court he gave as explanation that he had over-estimated his author's value, and had paid him no less than 360,000 francs for these two works.

A RESOLUTION has been adopted by the Kentucky Senate testifying to the noble self-sacrifice of Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, of Louisville, in rendering unpaid professional services to the plague-stricken people of Nassau, Memphis and Ferdinand during the past few years.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE and party recently undertook the ascent of Mt. Blanc, but when about three-fourths of the way up her head was too much affected to allow her to go further. She says, "This is clearly one of the few places where a young head is better than an old one."

OMAHA has had a brilliant military wedding, at which Lieutenant Edgar B. Robertson, Ninth Infantry, was united to Miss Elizabeth Megeath, daughter of the Hon. J. G. Megeath, of that city. All the officers of the garrison, in full uniform, were present with their families, making the scene a peculiarly striking one.

THE death, at Leyden, in Holland, is announced of Dr. Hoffman, a great Japonologist. He assisted Dr. de Siebold in publishing the archives of Nipon, and was interpreter of the Japanese and Chinese languages to the Dutch Government. He was, besides, the author of a Japanese grammar and dictionary for the use of Dutch and English.

If any one wants to know what Cruikshank looked like, he has only to turn to one of the illustrations of "Oliver Twist." The artist was sitting meditating how he should portray Fagin. He saw his own shadow reflected on the wall, and it became Fagin. But a man more unlike Fagin, except in regard to the outward presentment, never existed.

It is reported that Baron Grant's palace at Kensington has been purchased by Mr. Mackey, the American millionaire, whose magnificent *fete* in Paris was recently described. This gentleman's income is popularly estimated at \$300 per hour, or £5 per minute. He has a daughter. The attention of rising young statesmen is called to the above fact.

EARL BATHURST is dead. He was 87 years old. The earl, whose death is announced, succeeded to that title on the death of his father in 1834. The family is well known. The father of the late earl was an eminent Tory statesman, who held the offices of Master of the Mint, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Secretary for the Colonies and President of the Council.

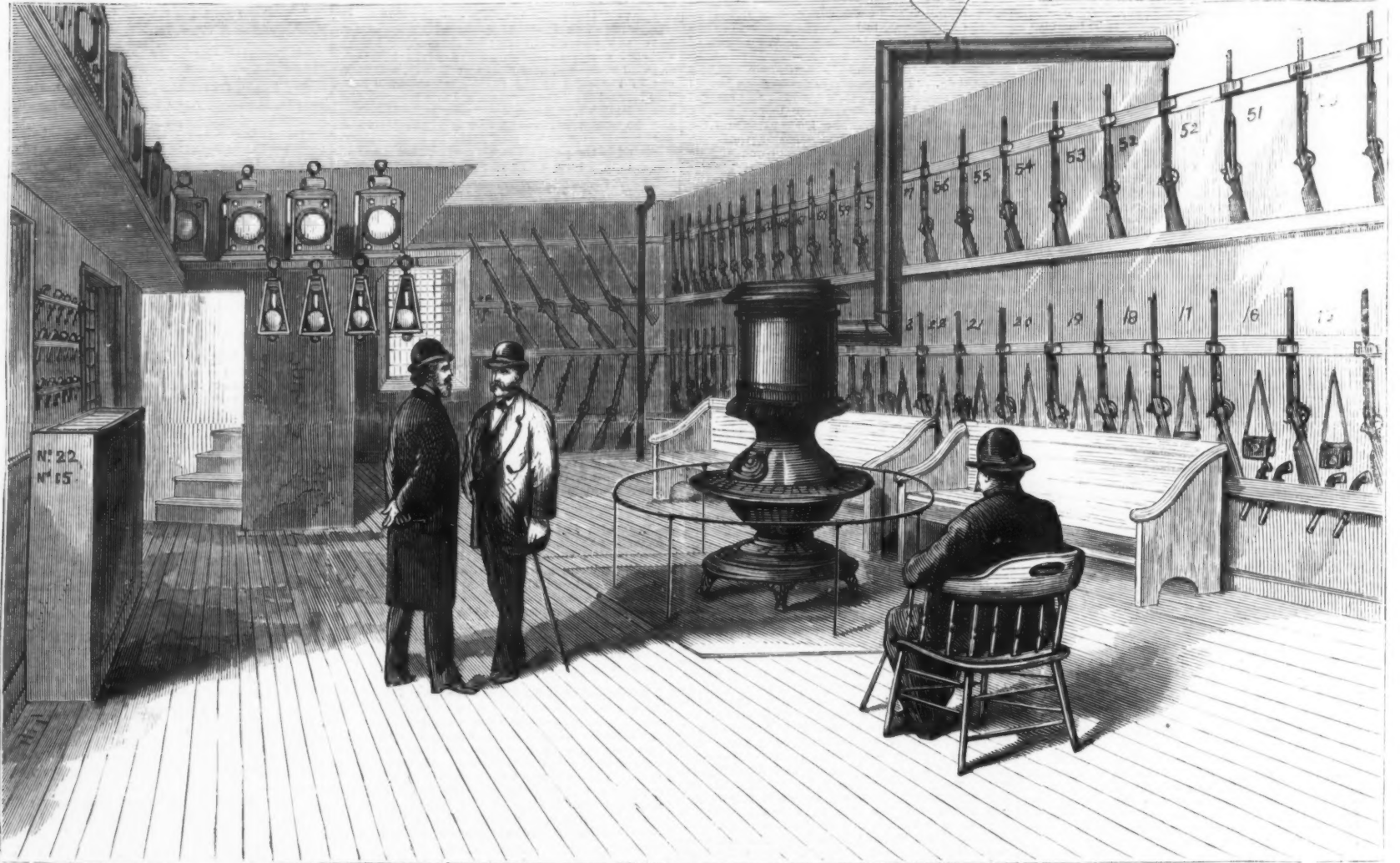
HON. R. W. TAYLOR, First Comptroller of the United States Treasury, was struck with paralysis February 25th while at his desk in the Treasury building, and was immediately taken to his home, where he died in a little after two hours from the time he was taken sick. Mr. Taylor was appointed First Comptroller by President Lincoln, and during the administration of Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury.

KING HUMBERT begins well by not forgetting his father's friends. He has sent a right royal *souvenir* through the Ambassador at Paris to Marshal Canrobert, in the shape of an excellent miniature likeness of King Victor Emmanuel. In each corner of the frame is a diamond star, with a large diamond in the centre, and the inscription is, "Rome, le 19 Janvier, 1878. Au Maréchal Canrobert, à l'amour de mon père.—Humbert."

PRINCE REUSS, the German Ambassador, is the best informed of all the diplomatic corps relative to the plans of the Turkish Government. He lives in semi-regal style in the new official place of the embassy on the heights, in the rear of the Grands Champs, overlooking the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora and the coast of Asia. His entertainments are frequent, and on the same scale of magnificence as the *fetes* at the Russian embassy when that most generous of hosts, General Ignatieff, was in Constantinople.

NONE of the Pope's brothers survive him. Count Ercole, a son of his eldest brother, Count Gabriel Mastai, is living, and resides at Milan. Count Ercole has two sons and two daughters. Of the sons one is in Sinigaglia, and the other is a pupil at the military school of Saint Cyr. One of the daughters is married to Commander Marco Fabri de Faue, while the other is a Sister in the Convent of Tor de Specchi. Besides these relatives bearing the name of Mastai, Pope Pius IX. has left others on the female side.

SEVERAL Japanese of high rank sailed for Europe on the 12th of February, the first among whom is Sonesima, Envoy to France, and universally recognized as the most brilliant and accomplished of rising Japanese statesmen, but whose career has been impaired by feeble health, at present Vice Minister, Department of Foreign Affairs; and a second, Matsugata, Vice-Minister Department of Finance, and now Vice President of the Japanese Commission to the Paris Exposition. Accompanying these gentlemen are some fifty attachés of varying grades.



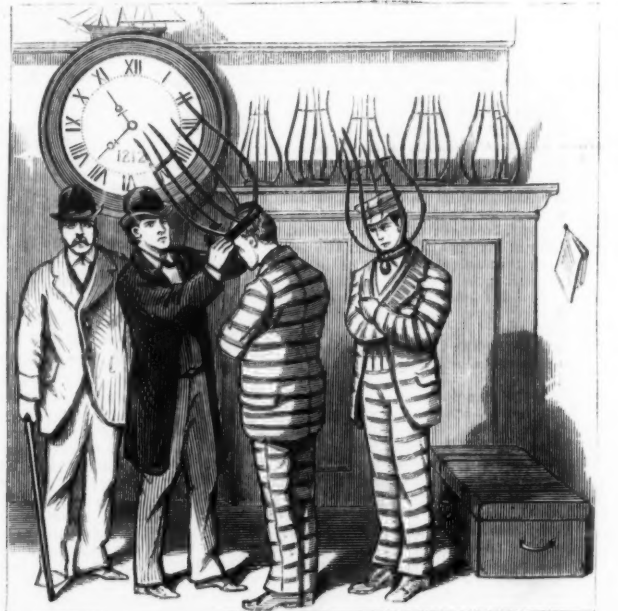
THE ARMORY IN THE PRISON GUARD-HOUSE.

SING SING.

SOME INTERESTING PHASES OF CONVICT-LIFE IN THE SING SING PRISON.

THE foundry contract is the most important, giving employment to nine hundred convicts. Mr. Henry Dickie, stove manufacturer, of Albany, Chicago and New York, has taken up this contract. He employs fifty outside hands, experts, who teach the prisoners the work in connection with the manufacture of stoves. Mr. Dickie informed us that he is always glad to take in a convict who has put in his time—that is, a discharged convict—invariably finding such hands most steady and trustworthy. This statement is eminently gratifying, since it proves that the prison discipline and the ordeal through which the prisoner has passed has made him a new and, let us hope, a thoroughly good man. Mr. Dickie laughingly asserts that he is developing Sing Sing, having brought no less than fifty families

to reside there. He is enamored of his contract, as he is not in perpetual dread of strikes. In his office are three men of mark—"scratches," who have recently figured in skillful forgeries. The manner in which these convicts keep his books would reflect credit upon a banking establishment, the invoices being made out like pen-and-ink pictures, the writing, copperplate, the figures as if printed. One prisoner who was pointed out to us, and whose record in Sing Sing is without reproach, said to Mr. Dickie, when that gentleman mentioned his intention of giving him employment upon the expiration of his term: "I'm obliged to you, sir. I'll do my duty here so long as I am here. I never did an honest day's work in my life, and I never shall. I've got a job ready to be put up for me when I go out that will make me comfortable for the rest of my life." A visit to the foundry is replete with interest, commencing at the dock on the Hudson where the pig-iron is received, and passing through the various shops until the stove is turned out ready for "firing up." Two hundred stoves a day are turned out under this contract.



THE PUNISHMENT OF THE IRON-BASKET HELMET FOR REFRACTORY CONVICTS.

THE SHOE-SHOP.

The shoe contract employs three hundred convicts, the contractors being the Bay State Shoe Company. They also employ convicts in the Brooklyn Penitentiary, paying from forty to fifty cents per day per convict. One thousand five hundred pairs of boots are turned out every short day at Sing Sing, and in the long days eighteen hundred pairs. These boots are all what are technically termed "rough." An expert will "finish off" one hundred and twenty pairs of shoes and thirty-six pairs of boots per diem.

HAT-SHOP.

Two hundred convicts are employed in the hat contract in the manufacture of soft black hats, ninety-six dozen of which are completed every day. These are two-dollar hats for the middle trade.

THE ARSENAL FOR THE GUARDS.

The guard-house is a two-story stone building, with grated windows and an iron door. From its commanding position, being situated on the side of the hill above the prison, it takes the entire of that vast human cage. The armory hall is a well-lighted apartment, the walls embellished with several stands of arms—Winchesters, loaded with sixteen rounds; Remingtons and old Springfields. Swords and revolvers are also at hand. The ammunition is stored at one end of the hall. In the event of an outbreak amongst the convicts, which is next to an impossibility, the guards have directions to proceed to the guard-house, there to arm themselves; lanterns are also in readiness wherewith to signal and lead to the discovery of prisoners who may effect a temporary escape under cover of the night. In the guard-house are posted the rules for drill, musketry practice, etc. The upper floor is used as a dormitory.

THE PUNISHMENT.

There are three classes of punishment at Sing Sing—the cage, the dark cell and the paddle. The light cell is also used, together with a ration of bread and water. Persistently bad conduct is visited by the deprivation of tobacco, and the stoppage of visitors, all communication with the outer world, and loss of commutation. The cage consists of a collar of iron, which is fastened round the convict's neck and locked by a padlock. From this iron band a series of bent iron bars ascend for about nine inches, two inches apart, surrounding the prisoner's head as if by a cage. The cage is open at the top. Its weight is not felt at first, but very soon the constraint of being compelled to maintain the head in one position becomes exceedingly irritating and painful, the pressure on the neck being considerable. In two instances we saw that the convicts had inserted a handkerchief between the iron and their necks. The dark cell



CONVICTS, WITH FRIENDS IN WAITING, RECEIVING FROM THE CLERK THEIR DISCHARGES AT THE EXPIRATION OF THEIR SENTENCES.

NEW YORK.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF CONVICT-LIFE IN THE STATE PRISON AT SING SING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

means confinement for a given time in a cell from which light is wholly excluded and upon the lowest dietary. The offenses for which the cage and dark cell are awarded are—as extracted from the day-book—talking in ventilator, using glass and refusing to give it up, gazing around shop, talking in gallery, and whistling in cell.

The paddle is shaped like a canoe-paddle, the blade being made of sole leather, three inches broad, the handle of the same material rolled out, formed into a heavy stick. The blade is very pliant, flapping as though scarcely attached to the handle.

PUNISHMENT-ROOM.

This apartment is situated at the back of the Deputy Warden's office. It is bright and sun-lighted, and but ill becomes the unhappy purpose to which it is allotted. A bath stands at the window; and attached to the ceiling is a pulley through which a rope is run; beneath the pulley and upon the floor is an iron framework, to which leathern straps are affixed. Into the noose at the end of the rope the hands of the convict who has been ordered the paddle are passed, the rope being pulled until they are raised high above his head, while his feet are fastened into the trap on the floor. His clothes are then removed from his back, and upon a given signal from the doctor, who stands in front of the convict, the Deputy Warden applies the paddle, fifteen lashes being the maximum number ever administered. This punishment is considered eminently salutary, as even the most hardened criminal recoils from the degradation of the lash.

THE DISCHARGE OF CONVICTS.

Prisoners are being constantly discharged, their time having expired. The convict counts the hours for some days prior to his departure, rarely sleeping the night anterior to it, so great is his nervous tension. At two o'clock he is notified by the keeper to leave off work, when he is taken to the bath-room, bathed, then shaved, and, this operation concluded, is conducted to the tailor's shop, where his prison garb is removed and a new, or comparatively new, suit of citizen's clothes put upon him, including a pair of new boots, and a hat or cap. He is then marched—he walks as if on air—through the hall, past the grimly barred gate that hitherto has been as an iron wall to him—up the short flight of stairs, into the office or ante-room to the Warden's sanctum. The day upon which we visited Sing Sing three convicts were being discharged, and we shall never forget the ecstatic gleam of joy in the eyes of these men, as, en route to the office, they cast a passing glance at God's sunlight that awaited them outside, and with it the priceless boon of freedom. The apartment into which the convict is ushered prior to his departure has been already described. He stands trembling with excitement until his name is called, when he steps forward to the little window, through which the clerk puts a series of stereotyped questions to him, his replies being entered in a register kept for that purpose. He is then called to a side-table at which stands Mr. Jackson, the detective, where he signs a receipt for the sum of \$5.32, the amount allowed to each released prisoner for traveling expenses; any articles taken from him upon his entrance are now restored to him, the Warden expresses a hope that he will never see him there again, the man makes some blundering parting reply, the door is thrown open for him by the keeper in waiting, he casts one furtive glance around and behind him, and then, turning his face to the wide, wide world, bounds like a deer up the steps, and he is—free!

THE LATE BENJAMIN F. WADE.

THE Hon. Benjamin F. Wade died at his residence at Jefferson, Ohio, on Saturday morning, March 2d, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was born in Springfield, Mass., October 27th, 1800. At a somewhat early age he went to Ohio, and made his home on the Western Reserve. He worked as a farm-laborer in the Summer and taught school in the Winter. At the age of twenty-six he began the study of the law, was admitted to the Bar in 1828, and shortly afterwards formed a partnership with Joshua R. Giddings, in Ashtabula

County, Ohio, where he ever after resided. In 1835 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of that county, and in 1837 was sent to the State Senate, to which he was twice re-elected. Early in his life he took a prominent position on the slavery question, and his robust speeches soon made him known throughout the country. In 1847 he was chosen Presiding Judge of the third Judicial District of Ohio, and in 1851 he was sent to the United States Senate, to which office he was also twice re-elected, in 1857 and 1863. There he was a steady and outspoken opponent to every measure favoring slavery. In 1852 he voted with only five other Senators to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; he spoke and voted against the Bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise, against the Lecompton Constitution, against voting \$30,000,000 for the acquisition of Cuba, and against all the compromises between the North and South proposed after Mr. Lincoln's election in 1860. Throughout the exciting days of

the war and those subsequent to it, Mr. Wade took an active and prominent part. He had advocated the Homestead Bill for years, and it was in his charge when it finally passed in 1862. From the outbreak of the Civil War he was one of the strongest advocates of a more vigorous policy; was chairman of the Joint Committee for the Conduct of the War, and urged the enactment of a law to confiscate all the property of leading secessionists, and free their slaves. As chairman of the Territorial Committee, he reported a Bill abolishing slavery in all the Territories of the Government, and prohibiting it in any that might hereafter be acquired. He earnestly opposed Lincoln's re-election in 1864, and helped set up General Fremont at Cleveland as opposition candidate.

When Mr. Johnson became President, by the assassination of President Lincoln, Mr. Wade was elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate, and in that capacity came within one vote of being made President of the United States.

If Andrew Johnson had been convicted of the high crimes and misdemeanors for which he was impeached, Wade would have succeeded to the Presidency. The majority lacked but one vote of the two-thirds required by law, and Johnson retained the Presidency until the expiration of his term. A year later, Judge Thurman was elected to the Senate from Ohio, and Wade retired. Although sixty-nine years of age at that time, he did not consider that this was a permanent retirement to private life, for he made use of every opportunity to acquaint the country with his views on public questions. In 1871 he was one of the Commission sent to Santo Domingo to report upon its proposed annexation to the United States, which scheme he approved of. The Commissioners having made a thorough examination of the country with particular reference to the circular of instructions, returned to Washington on the 27th of March. In the subsequent report, and in his private and public correspondence, Mr. Wade gave expression to the heartiest sympathy towards the proposition for the annexation of that distracted country.

Mr. Wade's peculiar detestation was the cant of the "Reformers," and he often shocked more quiet people by the freedom of his criticisms. He was most emphatic in his denunciations of the policy of the present Administration, being among the first to publicly criticize it.

By those who knew him best Mr. Wade was most beloved, and although the liberty of his speech sometimes shocked his quiet and sedate neighbors, he goes to his grave beloved and respected by those neighbors who knew him best, and among whom he passed his life.

Mr. Wade had been ill for some months, and no hope was entertained of his recovery, so that the announcement of his death did not cause the shock to his friends and admirers that it otherwise would.



THE LATE BENJAMIN F. WADE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

THE LEWIS BROOKS MUSEUM OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

THE curriculum of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, so full and well-balanced in all other respects, had until last year been somewhat deficient in the department of natural sciences. Now this is changed, and to-day it stands more richly endowed in this respect than any other institution in the South. This great addition to its educational appliances is the gift of a gentleman from the North—Mr. Lewis Brooks, of Rochester, N. Y. In the year 1875 Mr. Brooks had presented to Washington and Lee University, of Lexington, Va., cabinets of natural science to the value of \$10,000, with a further cash gift of \$15,000. These donations were made through his friend, Professor Henry A. Ward, who made the cabinets and transferred them and the money-gift with the simple statement that they came from a "Northern friend of Southern education." Again in the Spring of 1876 Mr. Brooks sent Professor Ward to the trustees of the University to offer large cabinets of mineralogy, geology and zoology, of a combined value of \$35,000, upon the sole condition that they should supply suitable rooms and cases for storing and displaying the same. A little later, Mr. Brooks sent the trustees in the same secret manner a further sum of \$34,000, with which to erect a building to contain the cabinets.

With this liberal endowment, the trustees proceeded to put in action the wishes of the donor. They contracted with Professor Ward to make the cabinets—a work for which he was by long experience pre-eminently fitted. They also proceeded to erect the building from plans by Mr. J. R. Thomas, architect, of Rochester. This building is of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, with modern adaptations. It is in the general form of an oblong square, with entrance-way pavilion at centre of east front, and a pavilion at each extreme end on north and south fronts. The mean height of the building is 75 feet, and consists of a high basement, with a 25-foot double story immediately above, and then a 19-foot story with a high attic over all. The basement to top of first story, together with the entrance-way, is constructed of Richmond granite. The walls above are of pressed brick, with heavy trimmings above windows and doors, of cream-colored freestone from Ohio. Each of the principal keystones which stand out prominently is carved into the head of some large animal, as lion, bear, walrus, bison, rhinoceros, etc., the whole presenting a graphic appearance and in conformity with the purpose of the building as a museum. On the wide stone belting which extends around the entire building between the two principal stories are cut, in large letters of high relief, the names of renowned scientists in the several fields or studies of nature—Aristotle, Pliny, Linnaeus, Cuvier, St. Hilaire, Werner, Humboldt, De Candolle, Audubon, Agassiz, Hall, Owen, Lyell, Dana, Gray, Rogers, Darwin and Huxley. Over the main entrance-way a tablet of the finest marble, bearing the inscription, "Lewis Brooks Hall of Natural Science," has been placed. A handsome flight of massive granite steps at the east end of the building leads up between columns of Scotch granite, with carved capitals, to the outer door, which opens into the spacious vestibule. Here are entrances to the



CURIOUS SYCAMORE NEAR CHESTER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. J. LATTI.—SEE PAGE 27.



VIRGINIA.—THE LEWIS BROOKS MUSEUM AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, IN CHARLOTTESVILLE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. A. PERRY.



PROFESSOR HENRY A. WARD, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

lower hall of mineralogy and geology, and broad stairs ascending to the upper hall of zoology and botany. Below is the high basement, serving for work-rooms of all kinds. The lower hall—twenty-five feet high—is bordered on either side by alcove cases, in which are arranged on neat blocks and with handsome printed labels, specimens of fossils of every class and order of animals and plants. The smaller specimens are within the cases and protected by glass, while the tops of the cases are covered with large slabs or other bulky specimens. Here is a full procession of life through the ages; starting with the earliest animals of the Silurian, and leading along up in the series and down through time, to the advent of man, who, while the most modern of all, has still lent his remains to the series in a cast of the famous fossil man of Guadalupe.

Each case is made to represent a distinct geological period. First, there is the presence of the antiquely-fossilized fauna of the Silurian—a world of molluscs, corals and crustacea. All are invertebrate corals and corallines—the fairy architecture of little polyps, crinoids, trilobites and tube-like orthoceratites. A little further on is the Devonian—the old red sandstone of Hugh Miller, alongside of his favorite holopterychius and cephalaspis. It was the period when ganoid fishes were thrown into the world with amazing prodigality; awkward, finny tribes—buckle-headed, mailed and reptilian, then the highest type of living creatures. Another stride and the dingy Carboniferous era is reached. Here are relics of the rank, flowerless vegetation which flourished under the warm, steaming atmosphere of the coal period. Next is a new world—the realm of strange misproportioned sea-monsters—"creatures whose very type is lost, fantastic and uncouth." On a slab seven feet long are the tracks of the gigantic labyrinthodon—half-crocodile, half-frog, and close by, its head armed with teeth; there are also the relics of an ichthyosaurus—a reptilian whale, mounted on paddles—whose entire length, judging from the head (over five feet long) vertebrae, and paddles must have been at least thirty feet. In this case, too, are many species of ammonites, with an allied group of nautilus, with their whorled shells, many of them being sawed open and polished, showing the curious septa and siphuncle.

Passing on in the hall the visitor comes to the Cretaceous series—the burial-place of other races, who, in their turn, were lords over our lower world. Here in the wealden are the remains of the massive iguanodon and fragments of those gigantic carnivorous reptiles the megalosaurus and ichthyosaurus, and that strangest form of all, the pterodactyle, with the head of a lizard, the wings of a bat, the body of a mammal, five toes and a tail. Here, too, is the famous mososaurus, or lizard of the Moselle. The long procession of strata closes with those of the Tertiary period, represented by remains of the harmless anoplotherium and palaeotherium from the Paris basin, the xenododon from Alabama, turtles from the Isle of Sheppy, fishes from Monte Bolca; "Pharaoh's beans" (ammonites) from the Pyramids, and other smaller foraminifera—the animalcules who created the building-stone of Paris, Cadiz and Havana.

In the central area are standing on broad pedestals a few colossal forms—the great Siberian mammoth, the elephants ganesa from the strata of the Himalayas, the glyptodon from Buenos Ayres, the colossochelys or great fossil tortoise of India, and the megatherium or giant fossil sloth from Brazil.

At the further end of the hall a portion of it is so cut off by cases as to make a distinct room, which is devoted to lithology, and in which are rocks of all ages and mineral composition, arranged in systematic sequence.

The gallery of the lower hall is devoted to mineralogy. The specimens are arranged here in cases along the walls, and in table-cases bordering the gallery, and comprise splendid ores from the mines of Hungary, Saxony and Cornwall; gold from California, Colorado and Australia; malachite and azurite from Siberia and France; ores of mercury from Austria and South America; silver from Nevada, Norway and Peru; zeolites from Scotland, India, Bohemia and Nova Scotia; meerschaum from Turkey; obsidian from Iceland and Mexico; quartz from all localities, from Montana to Madagascar, etc., etc. The precious stones are handsomely represented by agates, jaspers, berylls, onyx, opals and semi-opals, topaz, etc., and by perfect imitations in Bohemian glass of all the noted diamonds in the world. In the cabinet of zoology there are cases containing many thousand stuffed specimens and mounted skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, and fishes. Also protozoa, sponges, gorgonias, corals, star-fishes, sea-eggs, mollusks, crustaceans, and other invertebrate animals. In the middle of the hall stand the large forms, as elephant, giraffe, camel, zebra, elk, moose, bison, walrus and others.

Professor Henry A. Ward, who was chosen for this work, has long stood at the head of his profession as a collector of objects of natural history and as a maker of museums. He has made similar large collections, costing many thousand dollars each, for Lafayette College, Princeton College, Vassar Female College, Alleghany College, Cornell University, Syracuse University, Rochester University, Vanderbilt University, Indiana State University, and, in all, for more than two score of universities and colleges throughout the United States. His time is wholly given to this occupation, which he carries on through an extensive corps of assistants at home, and by collectors whom he sends for his material to all parts of the world. His natural science establishment at Rochester, N. Y., is drawn from extensively by all the museums of science in the land. Those who are capable of judging declare that it outranks in the range and extent of its transactions anything of its kind in the entire world. He is still a young man and seems destined to continue for many future years his special work of presenting nature and natural specimens to students and teachers in an educational and truly scientific manner.

A PERFECT PROTECTION.

"NEITHER do thieves break through and steal" has not commonly been supposed to have application to any place in this neighborhood—certainly not to any within the limits of the City of New York. Strange as it may however appear to those who have hitherto been ignorant of the fact, over three hundred of the principal stores, banks and places of business in this city are now absolutely safe against the assaults of thieves and burglars, but enjoy also perfect protection against the carelessness or dishonesty of employees of all grades and distinctions. In the constant enlargement of the practical uses of electricity, none is more interesting than its application to stores and dwellings, in the double office of watchman and servant. The Holmes Burglar Alarm Company, of this city, have reduced both applications to perfect and successful operation, and have to-day hundreds of the best bankers, merchants and business men of the city as witnesses to the thorough and effective manner in

which their service is performed. In the company's office at 518 Broadway are arranged the dials of its patrons in the central part of the city, and a visit will well repay the time and trouble. Wires run to each office, store or safe to be protected, and all are within instant call. Every safe or vault to be guarded is covered or completely surrounded with a metallic lining, through which, when closed, the electric current flows perfectly and noiselessly. Break or interrupt this charmed circle by so much as the point of a pin, and a gong in the central office is set ringing loudly, and in the shortest possible time one of the company's watchmen is at the point from which the signal is given. Burglars in Claffin's store the other night learned, to their sorrow and disgust, how perfectly the system works, and scarcely a week passes but that in some store or office some other of the thieving fraternity is taught the same lesson. Every night when the vault or office is closed the proper signal is given and register made at the office, and if for any reason the exchange of signals is not correct, a company's watchman investigates at once. In this way a broker's safe-door was found wide open a few evenings since, the owner having gone home in heedless confidence that everything was all right. So it proved, but because he was connected with the Burglar Alarm Telegraph, not in consequence of his care or attention. The company's method and system of transacting business are perfect and accurate, and their protection of the property entrusted to their care absolute. Six watchmen are constantly on duty, and any call from any quarter is instantly answered. Even owners of property and those who have a right to it, cannot tamper with it in irregular hours without being detected and called to account. All instruments, switches, batteries, etc., are in the office of the company and kept in repair by them, so that there is nothing left to the skill or memory of the customer. Everything on the patron's part is automatic, and with no more thought or trouble than if the alarm was not connected.

During the two years in which the company has been in operation it has completely answered the expectations of its friends and patrons, who have been constantly increasing. Among owners of safes protected by the Burglar Alarm Company are the following, whose names are the best proof of the merits of the system: August Belmont & Co., Phelps, Dodge & Co., Grinnell, Minturn & Co., Pennsylvania Coal Company, Third National, Nassau, Chatham, West Side and German-American Banks, Equitable and New York Life Insurance Companies, Tiffany & Co., H. B. Claffin & Co., Calhoun, Robbins & Co., and many of the leading houses in the dry and fancy goods trade. In Boston and Philadelphia the company has established branches, which work with equal success and satisfaction. The record of the company is its best recommendation, and on this it is content to stand. It is the best, cheapest, and only perfect police and burglar insurance company yet discovered, and is likely to continue so, until something is discovered which can beat electricity.

FUN.

BOUND to occur—A MUZZLE.
ESQUIMAUX learn to read English rapidly, but find it hard to articulate.

How to start a roomer nowadays—Just let his landlady ask him for next week's board in advance.

WHEN a Deadwood miner is asked to choose his weapon, he generally takes his pick.

CONUNDRUM by a Cockney: Why is a bald-headed man like a person in a stifling condition? Because he would like a little fresh 'air.

If the man who made a mistake last evening in the matter of umbrellas, will call at this office, he will be welcome to all he can hear to his advantage.

"OULD Ireland to the fore," said Bridget, as she came down to the kitchen from the dining-room. "Here's the misthriss tellin' of the fine poem Mither Longfellow has written on the Kerry Mick's."

THE Czar is said to be sick, nervous, emaciated and wasting away rapidly. It is intimated that he has not long to live. After Victor Emmanuel, the Pope. After the Pope, the Czar. So they go, one Roman-off after another.

PERSPIRING sub. (the regiment had just arrived at the garrison) to non-commissioned officer: "Well, Corporal Casey, what do you think of Aden?" Corporal: "Phew! Shure I don't wonder Adam and Ave was onalys in 't, sor!"

MODERN conversation: Young Green: "Hot, isn't it?" Young Lady (tired of the subject): "So you said just now." P. G. (nervously): "Yes, but don't you think it has got hotter?" Young lady gives young Green up as a bad job.

THE trade mottoes of some of the London associations are curious. The blacksmiths, for instance, have "By hammer and hand all arts do stand"; the distillers, "Drop as rain, distill as dew"; the founders, "God the only founder"; the innholders, "Come, ye blessed; when I was harborless ye lodged me"; the joiners, "Join loyalty and liberty"; the saddlers, "Hold fast; sit sure"; the weavers, "Weave truth with trust"; and the needle-makers, "They sewed leaves together and made themselves aprons."

ABANDONED AT SEA.

At all times ships of one kind or another are floating about at sea, abandoned by officers and crew, in what seems a hopeless condition. Some are dismantled and mere hulks, some are swimming keel upward, some are water-logged, but, being laden with timber, will not sink, but are driven hither and thither as the wind and waves may direct. So people afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis and consumption, are abandoned by physicians and friends as incurable, yet thousands of such are annually restored to perfect health by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The Catarrh Remedy is unequalled as a soothing and healing local application, while the Discovery purifies and enriches the blood and imparts tone and vigor to the whole system.

VIDOLIA, La., April 17th, 1877.

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Ever thankfully yours,
CLARA E. HUNT.

WADING RIVER, Burlington Co., N. J.,
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Dear Sir—Your Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine for coughs, colds and consumption, I ever knew. It has saved my life.
Respectfully yours,
HELEN B. McANNEY.

PAIN and weakness produce despondency, and the invalid who is laboring under bodily torture, debility and mental depression at the same time is indeed in a pitiable condition. But let all who are thus situated take heart. A balm is provided, both for their physical and mental infirmities, in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

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Four-ply Linen Collars, very best, \$1.50 per dozen.
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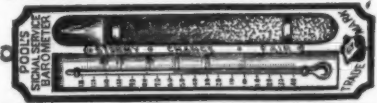
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OF
Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine
(CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., Editor.)

The following are but a few brief extracts from some
of the many thousand editorial notices which are con-
tinually appearing in the columns of the religious, as
also the secular, press throughout the United States (to
say nothing of those also in England, the Canadas, and
other English speaking countries) concerning this Maga-
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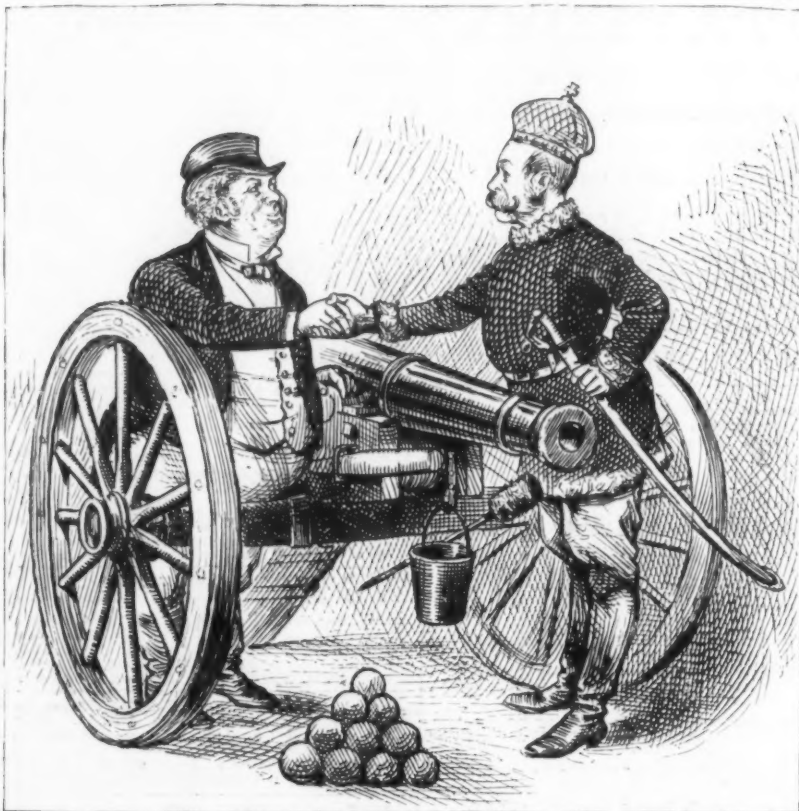
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